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MONSTERS™ OF THE MOVIES

EXCLUSIVE
INTERVIEW:

LEONARD NIMOY,
STAR TREK'S
MR. SPOCK



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STAR TREK



STAN LEE presents

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Monster mail

Dear Sirs

Congratulations on another successful edition of M.O.M. The personnel change of M.O.M. staff has certainly changed the magazine, if #7 is any indication of future issues. I personally would prefer that the magazine have more variety. M.O.M. #7 was limited to one particular film, which is being a little too specific. I hope that future issues of M.O.M. will provide more variety of articles.

The cover, also, was changed. It lacked the realistic quality that I found in the covers of issues 2-4. But, more important in the content of the magazine, issue #7 seemed to leave nothing out in covering THE HORROR OF DRACULA. "The House That Horror Built" was a nice introduction to Hammer, and "The Vampire From Strega to Sweeney" was informative, but not detailed enough to fully cover the vampire. But, as you have already had a "vampire issue", it was not necessary to be more detailed. I thoroughly enjoyed Russ Janes' adaptation of "Horror of Dracula"; it was clearly the most interesting feature in the magazine. The chills provided were very well.

Although I was a little tired of Christopher Lee by the end of the magazine, it is a fine tribute to a fine film. I have some suggestions for future articles: horror mega have always seemed to ignore the Alfred Hitchcock entries in the horror field. How about an article covering Hitchcock Horrors, including such films as PSYCHO, THE BIRDS, FRENZY, etc. The magazine also needs more features on current horror/science-fiction flicks such as THE STEPHEN KING VINES, THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT, etc. An article on the 3-D horror and science-fiction films would be interesting, and possibly a feature on the horror television series to date. I would also like to see something on WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE explaining how some of the special effects were done, etc.

Well, at any rate, M.O.M. continues to be my favorite horror film-mag, and I'm sure it will be in the future.

Sincerely,
Tom Kerssington
Balaclava Park, CA.

Dear Monsters of the Movies:

In February I bought my first issue of your magazine (#6). In your Monsternamed column, some gettin' written and edited for the home addresses of Christopher Lee and Peter Cushing. The reasons why you couldn't print this information should be obvious, but instead you did suggest that she write to them in case of their studies.

I decided to try this myself, since I am one hundred percent sure when it comes to Peter

Cushing. Not having the address of Hammer Studios, however, I just sent it to London, England. (I've since learned that Hammer isn't in London, but—I imagine my great surprise in my letter from Peter Cushing himself! And, evidently, he sounds like the perfect well-spoken English gentleman, as, perusing, in between words, "much pleasure and joy" to know that I appreciate his work. After reading the letter a thousand times (and falling in love with Mr. C. all over again), I bought a special frame for it, and have since showed it off to practically everyone except the players on the screen.)

Also, I asked Mr. Cushing for his fan club address in the States, and in case anyone is interested, his I'm sure they are: I. Bennett.

150 Fernmead Boulevard
Smithtown, New York 11787

Since my subscription to your magazine had not come through yet, I almost went crazy when I couldn't find issue #7 in any stores. Because you had promised it would be about Peter Cushing and Christopher Lee. Happily, I finally got my hands on a copy, and now have page 25 in full page photo of what I proudly displayed on my wall. I think that by the time I get the next issue, which is going to be a tribute to Mr. Cushing, my hair will have turned white from the waiting?

Please keep your magazine around for about another ten or twenty years.

Sincerely,
Miss Grace E. Smith
Tuckers, New York

Dear Sirs:

May I say on behalf of the Cushing and Christopher of the world that M.O.M. #7, dedicated entirely to the "Horror of Dracula", starring Peter Cushing and Christopher Lee, and the anecdotes and background details on the stars and production, was SMASHING!!!! The storyline was different, in many places from the film, but I never felt I didn't want to sing again but, nevertheless, excellent!!!! I have only one complaint, however, it's a little that causes the Headache. Coffee is the to let the coffee and you!!

Gentlemen: On the cover of M.O.M. #7 did you realize that you had done:

"HORROR OF DRACULA"
starring
CHRISTOPHER LEE
and
PETER CUSHING

I know we all feel near and dear toward Mr. Cushing, But Das Look! It Has Should Tell You That That's Most Definitely A PETER (or more precisely,

hysical PETARI, NOT A PETE)

By the By, I would like to say I agree with Miss Petty Bright of Balaclava, BC, the photos in your issues are often fantastic. Especially in issue #7, many of the photos are classic, a few true works of art!!!!

Also you have earned the, undying gratitude and devotion of, at least, one Cushing by devoting your next issue to PETER CUSHING!!!! In fact, I put issue #6 in my order and check for the next six issues of M.O.M. not of Hysterical Joy!!!! Please, make #8 as thorough as possible. May we also know something about ROBERT KODAKERS MR. PETER CUSHING, please????? After all, even though she died in '71 and maybe is not as well-known as her celebrated husband, she was a giant factor in Peter's life, by his own admission, and therefore, is deserving of a few sentences at least.

Sincerely Yours Forever (TEAM #8),
T.S. Sutton
Salem Louise, MA.

Dear Fellow Detroiters:

It may be a little different to actually speak a publisher and editors and read for a certain magazine, but your "Horror of Dracula" issue was as good as receiving a present from a friend. So thank you, thank you, thank you lots around, there's more nice stuff to be said! Never before has a monster magazine death the possible exception of FM's Karloff (a redundant issue) been as great in devoting itself to one film.

Horror of Dracula has a lot of really nice memories for me. I remember seeing it for the first time on the Saturday night horror movie at about 11:00 AM, an absolutely ridiculous time for the eight or nine year old that I was. I had this portable black and white on the table beside my bed, and I used my handkerchief to stay awake, but all I remember is this beginning with Dracula "slashing" down the halls with his cape flying behind him, and the climactic and, then, nine years later when I was twelve, I saw an R-rated film catalog for me movie soundtrack records, and one was Horror of Dracula, and it took a chance and bought it. When I got it, I was delighted with it, and



would run the film and projector along with the record for hours watching and listening to the film over and over.

Only once did I get to see it in color—a about two weeks ago on an independent station, and luckily it was an earlier than when I first saw it. I never ever sawing it in color. What beautiful hair. They cared more about color than now. Now we get them generic ones. Now Hammer moved on to color Eastman prints. Now whenever they show it in Milwaukee, it's a black and white print. That always causes dozens of calls to the station from critic fans telling them to turn on the color broadcast, which I may not be one hundred and never seen it in color again. Well, that's the last postage I have for it.

That certainly was a never-when for you to get from him tape instead of studio. It is needed especially for the film because whenever anybody sees the film, they remember all the specific camera shots very well, and that's its cinematographer's

rights have just a small complaint about the choice of b/w esp. You have two large photos of Mme talking to Alphonse that are almost similar, but none of her entering the interview's, or of Gisèle removing the plate, or of Van Helting talking to the sleeping child. But still, your thorough coverage of the best scenes leaves nothing to desire.

I don't think there was a lot in the shooting script of the film as the basis for your part. You should have recognized that there were several changes down to the bone the time it was released. May I assume a few? Well, first, was the last part which I've seen down to three.

The various followers come in to where that Helting goes to Helwood in the study. You can read what you wrote, but there's been a really weird.

(Helwood) What's this now?
(Van Helting) Still's reached my ear!

(S) Thank God! How did he get in? We watched the hours all night. Our theory must be wrong, we must change himself into something else, he must be able to. How else could he have got in?

(I) I think I know.

(Gisèle) Mme's been sleeping now. See.
(S) She must be still...

(I) I'll get out. I'd like to. You stay and rest, and have some water. I'm sure you'll be born. Gisèle, will you help me with this?

(S) Oh, Sir, I don't like to. You know what happened last time when I disturbed Mrs. Helwood's privacy.

(I) When do you mean?

(S) Well, Sir, Madam told me the other day that I must not account go down to the cellar.

(I) Helwood! Helwood! Helwood! I always thought this point, remembering my time past that he is a superstitious egomaniac. "Alphonse! Alphonse!" Obviously they have nothing what the name what they put that Sir Gisèle! What happened?

(G) He... he... he was saying that I must come back to Madam, as it came to him, and he looked like the Devil!

(I) Gisèle! Now what happened?

(G) He came to her, and he picked Madam up like she was a little, and I... I...

(I) Calm yourself, how. Calm yourself. There's only one place he can make you go to the home!

(I) His coach drives. He's been dead about half and hour.

(I) Do you think Gisèle killed that coachman?

(G) Of course he did. Another coach would never get there before sunrise. He'd be dead.

(I) But even if he does get him...

(I) I'd be lying in the Coach room for years. What does he have?

(G) And then?

(I) (sighs) Hell! Hell! Hell!

It's the end of the dialogue, but your description of the end of the movie is full of absolutely unimportant errors, and being use to hold a point position, I decided to show it with some film just to show how staged!

When he headed a house from a door at the end of the staircase, he headed up the hallway and there open the door to the center of a round door, Gisèle was sitting a heavy stone platform, and dropped it when he saw Van Helting in the doorway looking a confused. As she ran across the center of the platform who was able to stage it before a large photo. Just as he got up, Gisèle took a firm grip on his neck and shoved him onto a bench. He continued shaking him until he appeared dead, gathered all his might together and pushed Gisèle slowly moved towards him, not noticing the draft of light that Van Helting saw between the curtains on the other side of the table. As a first resort, he

suddenly leaped up on the table and ran to the other end, jumping the curtains, heavy curtains down off the high windows. A large shaft of the bright sunlight shone down to the floor, knocking Gisèle down with his feet at it. He tried grabbing the table but only knocked it back off of it. Van Helting grabbed his shoulders and jumped in front of him. Gisèle's head fell off the table into the sunlight behind his back and memory, his hand turned to ashes. Van Helting moved forward far enough to knock him into the ray of light. He covered his face with his other hand without let sound of a peep and there, too, were turned into ash. Van Helting gave a tremendous expression as finally Gisèle's whole body collapsed made for clothes. Sitting on a stool with his feet, Arthur looked at Mme's hand to the use miraculously pointed away. He raised it. They both turned and looked towards where they heard the approaching steps from. Inside, Van Helting had opened one of the windows, and sheathed. He watched the morning breeze blow the striped robes away from the pile of clothes, beds, and ring that once was the soft robes. Gisèle. He started to hear the musical notes of James Stewart, and stood dumfounded as the rhythm stopped, moving across the very spot of them where Gisèle had sat seconds ago.

There, I've gotten off my chest. I surprised people like you who have probably seen it a dozen times already that magnifies version by, I really love that. You're right, it had some remarkable work in the use of lighting and camera work. But one thing that bothers me is that we seeing in a few shots of the entire castle, or we did, I don't remember.

Until I get my story, I never realized that the whole story took place in one country. I had this dumb notion that they lived in England, and never asked myself how they were able to travel from England to Transylvania by coach. It also takes a while to understand the various placements and movements of people inside the castle, but, oh, that's another human architecture! I'm often disturbed by that Gothicness.

What was happened to the rest of the cast? I mean Mrs. Doctor and her Gisèle lot, which was pretty good.

Thank you for the background material on Hammer's choices, it was all new to me, and wasn't a much of the stuff everybody has had. But even if it had been, I know that the high quality of your magazine, you would be able to fill in the gaps with some very interesting background information of your own. And speaking about that, that was a terrible follow up to your filmbook—giving a report on the premiere and download book of the earliest of Hammer's Dracula. It seems like you yourselves have everything about the business, guys who play! Your staff isn't even comparable to that movie junk that some other sites carry.



putting out.

In closing this letter two days after I started it, I have learned that Theodore March died and I know you will want to it give him fitting tribute with, I hope, discussion even of his most horrific films. Thank you.

Sincerely yours,
George Dancy
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Dear Editor,

Again, out of the added, and please your M&M's loves Master! What's all the fuss? Why, it's *M&M*, of course, which was a phone biffled at every Christopher Lee/Brasilia film. This is truly a week after, and already a collector's item though it still in catalog.

However, I do have a few comments on that masterpiece. Although the sets were well placed and arranged, some were either blurry or too light. I realize this is probably the printer's fault, but, well, someone should be more careful. Also, I thought the over and over, in a way, was frightening enough. Something grotto, and atmosphere would've been more effective (and, I add, I sound like Roger Ebert). Never of Gisèle or a verifying him and discerning castle. Why not great a photo, when the cover been taken down?

There, I've caught up on something's part in the article by Christopher Lee. Just, he states that he has never seen *Wolf Legend's* *Dracula*. Well, either he is considering himself, or this article is several years old. In the book *A Dream of Dracula* by Leonard Wolf, Mr. Lee states that he finally did see the film, and was, naturally, disappointed with Lupino's portrayal. If this article is old, I think you therefore needs to return to the content of M&M. We should be aware that the man's opinion may well have changed over the years.

Regarding music, this was a spectacular movie and I hope to see certain follow. In considering M&M, don't overlook the "leads for TV" movies. Some of them, like *The Night Stalker* and *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, are far superior to the shock that *Needs* the drama and mysterious story with. Also, you could have a pair of related them together, instead of creating an entire issue to each. I also think you should have more focus about the films. This could be anything from interviews to critical essays.

Thanks for listening and bring on issue #8!
Sincerely,
George Dancy
New Orleans, La.

We have to conclude such an overwhelming positive letter with such a sour note—but the worst has happened. **MONSTERS OF THE MONTH** has been canceled.

The reasons are simple—rising costs vs. decreasing sales, diminishing nothing less.

There is still a chance, but it's truth to tell, in this case, if sales increased on these last three issues, the magazine might be back. It is possible, and such phenomena have happened before.

So to all you who have written and supported on these past two issues with your hardened and over-enthusiastic letters, thanks. And we hope that you will take the earliest opportunity to write.

And, as the brighter side of things, one think you'll be happy with some of our new black and white projects that will be replacing **MONSTERS OF THE MONTH**. Check 'em out.

We been for people... and maybe, just maybe, we'll all be home in it again some time in the future.

The address to write to:
MONSTERMAN
675 Madison Ave
New York, NY 10022

The inside story of how the special effects were created to many of the classic science-fiction monster movies of the 1950s—told by the man who created them, Paul Blaisdell (Special photos by Paul Blaisdell.)

by Paul Blaisdell

The early morning fog-shrouded cabin on a mountainside in Southern California, presents a January world of cold and gloom, contrary to the Chamber of Commerce. It's more conducive to the flight of a raven than the thundering shock waves of a squadron of

flying saucers on the mountainside, in back of the shack, knowing full well that I'll head for Mars when the temperature creates good packing for snowballs—Martians hate water, even frozen.

Is an effort to convince you I've been driven only slightly mad by a crummy climate. Jim has agreed to let me tell you of a few invaders of Earth in days gone by at the box office.

"Invasion" of Earth always was a team effort and, like it or not, when the team disbanded the invaders met their ultimate defeat, not at the thundering onslaught of guided missiles, but at the quiet click of a lock in a dusty Hollywood warehouse.

Some of those last, lost invaders had their beginning in dust, too. Consider the BEAST WITH A MILLION

THE LAST OF THE MARTIAN INVASIONS

Martian invaders bound for our much maligned planet. Even so, this rustic retreat is the present residence of a man who created many an outer-space invasion for the movies—me.

Fortunately for the ravens, they've had sense enough to head south for the winter. So who else is going to mind the igloo and answer the phone? Especially when the editor of MONSTERS OF THE MOVIES calls?

A few hoarse barks, indicating the Transylvanian flu, (the worst kind) convinced your editor, Jim Harmon, that he'd finally located me.

Having noted the temperature on my terrestrial thermometer during his last visit, Jim is quite convinced that our raccoons spend most of their days holding down our

EYES, who landed his ship near a wadlbown date farm near Indio, California during the historic year of 1955. The natives of Indio, of course, are still trying to figure out why this date was historic. Even though the picture was "shot on the actual location," they just went right on picking dates from the trees anyway. This was unfortunate since they continued picking them right through a couple of scenes concerning a miserable date farmer (Paul Birch) who couldn't afford any help. However—thanks to the eagle eyes of producer Roger Corman and his hard working assistant, Lou Place—Paul and his wife, played by lovely Lorna Thayer, were relegated to a location more appropriately desolate.

In an even more desolate spot, surrounded by a small

crater, the silver space ship of the invader gleamed in the California desert sun. Deep in the recesses of the ship, the hideous invader stewed over the prospect of extending his influence over all living creatures in the vicinity. Thus, he would literally become the "Beast With a Million Eyes." He didn't know it, but he had company. Carl Brainard the prop man was also stewing. He was operating the "whirling" that rotated on top of the space ship and there wasn't a hint of a breeze from the date grove in that hot space.

As Tom Filer's screen play grew longer, the influence of the invader grew stronger. Animals, birds and people succumbed to its alien influence. Much to its rage and frustration its expanding spell began to weaken and decline as the potential human victims began to unite.

sun and choking fumes of the Earth's atmosphere!

A far out fiend, whose fate you can truly sympathise with if you ever get caught in a Los Angeles traffic jam during a rush hour.

At this point, one of our last, lost, early movie invaders hunched over the controls of his ship and firedwalled it and cannonballed it, faster than Robert Stack and his TV *Uninvocable* used to plow through the door of a still, trying to lay it on Bruce Gordon.

The actors had the cold shakes - at an Indio date shake stand. This left the final scene to a giant desert rat, who climbed out of the crater, gave the audience that "watch for the sequel" look and ran off into the desert, doubtless to look for dates. (Indio is as date mad as a Computer Dating Service.)



mentally, in a common and mutual understanding of the menace. The final confrontation came as a handful of the would-be victims assembled before the invader's space ship.

This was probably another historic date. The first off-campus science-fiction protest meeting! The invader blew his cool which is easy to do in a place like Indio. He ordered his alien slave to grab a specimen for some close-up mind snatching. This, of course, would be Dona Cole, the pretty actress with the cutest cranium.

The invader thus made his last mistake. The hideous alien slave opened the airlock of the ship, cast a jaundiced eye at the assembled company and collapsed. Not from the sight of Paul Birch's hunting rifle, but from the hazy

Since "Little Joe," as we called him, was really looking for a new home he didn't run very far. Scooping him up under one arm and the "alien slave" under the other, I went looking for new invasions to instigate.

Not all Aliens are from Mars

As time passed, I became a giant blubber-headed mushroom, inside a costume I designed, invading the Earth by way of the planet Venus. My bat winged helpers harassed defenders like Peter Graves, Lee Van Cleef, Beverly Garland, Sally Frazer and the whole blasted

United States Army! The army harassed me by way of Russ Bender, Dick Miller, Jonathan Hayes and Danny Knight.

After being bullet-riddled, bayoneted, bazooka-ed and finally blowerched into mushroom soup the invader finally got the message. I was a born loser. Dead, but not buried, (I got buried in another picture) I decided to play it cool and look for an invasion where I could work behind the scenes—literally.

Sure enough! Invasions were more popular than ever and before long I had the pleasure of working with old friends like Paul Birch, hero turned heavy and preparing to walk into our world from another dimension, as a man NOT OF THIS EARTH, another American International release.

For this, I provided Paul with a teleportation mishape, a "do it yourself" vampire kit and a baby monster, who really grew on you when Paul gave it a large charge from his mini-ray gun.

After the whole team saw the picture, we came away



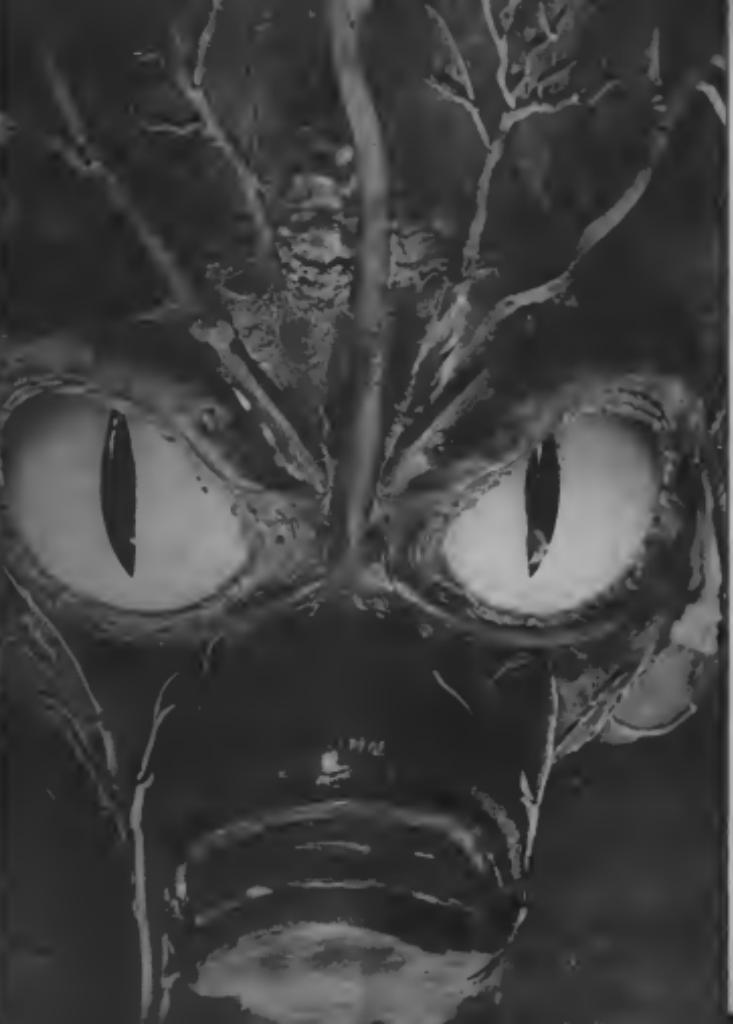
Actress Gloria Carrelo, actor-special effects expert Paul Bradwell and Buddy Mason, actor-inventor, hold a monster head-piece for *INVASION OF THE SAUCER MEN*. Mr. Mason—manuscript for silent Western star, Fred Thomson, and many others—now lives in retirement at the Mason Picture Home.

convinced that Paul Birch could have invaded the Earth quite successfully with only his fantastic eye make-up and his very convincing acting ability. My alien aids only resulted in his amputated end and another invader's flaming exit!

Surely, after this, the Martians might be ready for an invasion. I wondered if they were ready for me.

Jim Nicholson, president of American International Pictures, invited me to drop by his office and discuss just such an invasion. "Nick," as everyone called him, started with the movies as a theater usher just so he could see more of them. Like the rest of us, he'd also done his share of smuggling science fiction pulp magazines home under his jacket.

What Nick wanted, this time, were some "classic" Martians with bug-eyed heads, that looked vaguely like giant brains and supported on tiny bodies complete with spidery hands that had a life of their own, even when disembodied! These hands were also to be capable of injecting hypodermic needles from their fingertips to do God-



knows-what to you-know-who.

A tall order, but this time I was loaded for bear—or Martians. One question remained, however. How in the Hollywood do the Martians get here? How else? What's a cap of tiny Martians, without a saucer? The more or less conventional "garbage can lid" type of saucer was becoming almost standardized in the movies by this time. I suggested an original design that could both hover and fly like an aircraft using rocket propulsion, if necessary. I received the go-ahead on the construction subject to the approval of Nick, Sam Arkoff—the executive producer—and the local Fire Department!

As it turned out, the plans and sketches were received with enthusiasm and construction on the "saucer" miniature to be used in the movie was commenced at the same time as the creation of the Martians' hands and heads.

With the inevitable deadline facing me, like that guy in the Tower of London, it wasn't long before this studio started to look like the biggest flying saucer hoax in



Behind the scenes on *BEAST WITH A MILLION EYES*. Jackie Bradwell, Paul's wife and technical astrologer, poses with the perfect model of a gentleman from outer space.

history. Latex rubber doesn't have to be vulcanized, but, after testing rockets in the fireplace, the hot dogs never tasted quite the same again!

Fortunately, confusion reigned supreme after the chaos was put on an assembly line basis. This is a fast way of saying that everyone and every THING showed up on the sound stage, in time for the first day's shooting. This even included a life size mock-up of part of the "flying saucer," thanks to some fine work on the part of the carpenter shop at Ziv Studios, who worked from the blueprints and the miniature. (But, NO life-size rockets, PLEASE!)

It was also a good day for all the little people. I had my first chance to meet the "saucer men," with whom I was to work. The tiniest Martian turned out to be Angelo Rosanto or "Little Angie" as he's known in Hollywood. Angie stands a whopping 3 feet, 2 inches tall and weighs in at a colossal 72 pounds! The rest of the saucer "crew" included Eddie Gibbons, Dean Neville and Floyd Dixon, all equally impressive. They didn't know it, but they were soon to grow weary of their "new" heads. They weighed seven pounds apiece.

As the days went by everybody's head got heavier, during the fast paced shooting schedule. The movie was

shot "tongue in cheek" a screen play by Al Martin. He based it on an original story by Paul Fairman called THE COSMIC FRAME. It featured such actors as Lyn O'Brien ("Cadet Happy" of TV's SPACE PATROL) and Frank Gorshin, who went on to become famous in such shows as THE COPYCATS.

Meanwhile, back at the saucer, it was becoming increasingly difficult to find any Martians even with the aid of veteran actor and stuntman Buddy Mason, who's played a policeman in so many movies he can't open the door to the studio commissary without saying, "Freeze!" As it turned out the weary "little people" were snatching cat naps in the most unlikely places, between "takes."

They could disappear quite nicely behind plastic studio boulders or end up snoozing contentedly on top of a prop drug store counter. "Be kind to Martians" week and it was not unusual to see me sitting in that gunk they call

completion of the film. Lyn Osborn had a chance to add a hilarious narration to match the film antics and I was awarded to do the cartoon background to match the film credits.

"As for all those miniature shots of the "saucer" and the post-production shooting of the close-ups credit for those "dirty double agents," who conspired in the invasion, will have to be awarded to the following

Howard Anderson and crew, who take pictures of exploding flying saucers, even when they get flying ailerons in their alimentary tracts!

Ales "Bat" Weldon, who hangs upside down from Howard Anderson's studio rafters and flies "saucers." The happiest day of his life was when he made the bombs to blow up my saucer!

Don Ament, an otherwise first class studio designer, who provided the miniature trees for the miniature "cow



A close-up of the creature in *IT CONQUERED THE WORLD*. Like Earl Gibbons, *IT* will eat anything.

Faller's earth, in the sound stage cow pasture, arm around invader while he rested his seven pound head on my thick Irish skull (Yes, Virginia, I really did have five uncles and four aunts named Kelly!).

The "little people" however, always managed to summon up enough vitamins to put in a good performance. They caused no end of mischief in the picture, confounding the Army and bewildering the teen agers who first discovered them.

Scriptwise, the tiny invaders vanished in a puff of smoke when finally subjected to a barrage of strong lights. Their "flying saucer" met the same fate when subjected to an ill-advised blowtorch.

The laughter of the audience, however, did not die quite as easily. The "tongue in cheek" presentation turned out to be a first class comedy. Before the final

pasture." We all chipped in for a couple of bottles of vinegar and olive oil. Guess what he ate for lunch!

The San Fernando Fireworks Company, who made scale rockets from my blueprints for my flying saucer.

The United States Army Air Corps, who got a phone call from the San Fernando Fireworks Company.

Bob Barnes, the "Beast of Burbank," who nearly got strangled by an itinerant, dismembered Martian hand!

Last, but not least, the heroic Martian invader, who fought with the bull in the cow pasture. Even though he got tossed over the fence, it was a great day for all of us invaders of Earth.

Better go back and count again. You see, there were really FIVE Martians! Five Martians to invade one Earth were enough any day.



ZARDOZ

Lost the Gift

INTO THE REALM
OF ETERNAL LIFE
ZARDOZ
BROUGHT THE GIFT
OF DEATH



by Don McGregor

It is 8:45 on a Monday morning, and I have journeyed through the New York City transport system since eight A.M.; have changed to three different trains, stood buried in the arm-pits of fellow meat-packaged workers (don't let anyone tell you that Right Guard is a substitute for good, clean, fresh air. Try inhaling that stuff for forty-five minutes and you won't have to ask what I mean). Now I have disembarked from the last train, the doors squeaking open, my nose sucking in air that makes only a faint attempt at pretending it is suitable for breathing and smells vaguely reminiscent of the electrical graphite aroma that hovers over the dodge-em cars at your local amusement park.

The sign was hanging on the wall straight in front of me. The pack of human drones (of which I was a part) were ready to take off from the starting gate and there I was, performing the unpardonable, not rushing at rush hour. I read the words again (Gift of Death?) and they leaped back at me from the basic black and white poster. That was my first contact with the preadvertising campaign for director John Boorman's new film ZARDOZ.

The pack growled.

I turned back and gave my best Bogart snarl, which really isn't so good that early on a Monday morning, and moved out into the shifting lines, reading the racial and political graffiti hastily scrawled or pains-takingly lettered over most of the posters that line the tiled walls of a Manhattan subway station. Doesn't anyone write John loves Mary anymore? Or is that considered an epoch these days?

But such was the state of my apathy that although the racial lines had taken me back, I hadn't actually comprehended what I had read until I came upon the second basic black and white poster, reminding me of those old Burma Shave signs, and I wondered if I hadn't fallen asleep on one of those three trains.

The second sign read:

ZARDOZ
I HAVE SEEN THE FUTURE
AND IT DOESN'T WORK.

Now that's a helluva line! I stopped, and smiled, and all the while the crowd pushed round me, headed toward the escalators that would carry them out of the mother-womb of Manhattan and birth them into a new week of productivity.

Strangely, the words which portended such a bleak outlook worked conversely upon me. This bit of sardonic humor had made the Monday morning palatable, if the word may be used that way, and it made me want to do something creatively inspired that day.

If you weren't exposed to the ad campaign that New York City had, it's easily explained away by saying that a month prior to the movie's release, a series of four posters were spread around the city, casting out such phrases at the passing public without telling anyone who or what a ZARDOZ was.

Fortunately, I had read about it in some trade papers and seen a few enigmatic photographs in one of the cinema magazines that are available in the downtown area, so I wasn't completely mystified.

The third sign read:

AND IN THE END
ZARDOZ
CREATED MAN

Remember that line. Because in the end of Boorman's film that's exactly what happens.

I could use the common-enough turn-about phraseology and use the ad campaign slogans against 20th Century Fox and John Boorman. ZARDOZ does promise the gift of science-fiction, wrapped in the guise of a skillful director of some considerable power (DELIVERANCE, Boorman's last film before the making of ZARDOZ, is difficult to pull away from), but the clever lines from the posters have more clarity and sense of purpose than the film itself.

ZARDOZ, ultimately, is a failure. But it is worth more discussion than a 60-second, eatery-poo throwaway by the television reviewers in the Gene Shalit mold. The point is that though ZARDOZ is, in itself, a failure, it is an interesting failure, and somewhat representative of the reasons that science-fiction, as a medium, has failed with mass audiences in comics and movies. Yes, there are contradictions to that rule, although those films are definitely in the minority, but those few successes indicate that science-fiction can please a mass audience.

Each genre within the complete film structure has its own set of requirements that are special unto its own motif. The way they fulfill those requirements differ greatly and gives each film its identity. But essentially, this statement means that if the film is a humor film at most, in the end analysis, make people laugh; if it is a horror film, it must cause an emotional reaction from its audience.

Science-fiction has one of the most difficult tasks of all. A novelist can conjure word pictures over an indeterminate number of pages to create his futuristic setting, but when those words are translated onto celluloid, the viewer must be totally displaced from his own time period. And he must be displaced from the first sequences. He must believe that the situations and locales are real. If he doesn't, it becomes increasingly difficult for him to relate to whatever actions are happening on the screen.

Science-fiction must lay its own foundations, and build its framework within the confines of the foundation it has set. That's not as confusing as it sounds. The events can take sudden twists and turns, but they must be twists and turns that are logical to the concepts that the audience has been exposed to.

Authenticity is extremely important in conveying credibility, and the science-fiction filmmaker has to keep that in mind. Once the viewer's credibility gap has been strained, it's one helluva gap to breach.

In ZARDOZ, we have the basic requirements for visual excitement, complete with undertones of a Robert E. Howard locale.

Sean Connery has the role of Zed. Zed is a rebel who acts as an exterminator for the mysterious God. Zardoz appears before Zed and his barbaric compatriots in the form of a magnificently carved idol, a gigantic head that sweeps majestically through the air while it monitors the barbarians' actions. Zardoz lands in the midst of them one day and spits rifles out of its grotesque mouth. One wonders if the great God, Zardoz, used them as a substitute for Listerine. While supplying the barbaric hordes with weapons, Zardoz's voice fills the countryside, telling his followers that sex is a very nasty



thing and a terrible way to waste one's time. According to Zardoz, killing is better than sex, and most of the Brutals seem to go along with that. At least none of them question the wisdom of such a pronouncement, and the next moment they are all picking up weapons, carrying on as if in drunken revelry.

The Brutals mount their horses (one wonders where they got such a plentiful supply of this mode of transportation); and, along with Zed, go about the countryside exterminating villages. They seem to be having themselves a grand old time.

Until Zed learns that Zardoz is a fake. It should be a moment of stunning impact. Man learning that the Gods he has believed in are actually little more than stage magicians directing mankind's destiny with callous abandonment. Man, in the embodiment of Zed, facing such a startling revelation and trying to survive such devastating knowledge. Boorman fails to give the moment that impact.

Zardoz turns out to be the emissary of the Eternals who (get this) live inside something called the Vortex.

The Vortex is sheltered from the outside habitation of the Brutals by an invisible force field that no human can penetrate. One doesn't have to guess why the force field is invisible. It's cheaper on the budget that way.

Zed, after exterminating his God, invades that sacred realm. He doesn't remain free for long, and the Eternals take him inside their inner fortress.

The visual narrative to this point has avoided sweeping the audience up into the maelstrom of descent, almost as Boorman were making a conscious effort to underplay the cosmic conflict and ramifications of such a confrontation as that between man and his Gods.

The film, *ZARDOZ*, has a tremendous amount of ideas and projections, but it lacks a strong dramatic narrative; and, though Zed has the potential to become a protagonist with which the audience can relate, his identity is kept hidden while we are subjected to watching him running around countrysides that hint of being nothing more than old English manors than the setting of a futuristic utopia. As usual, the utopia turns out to be hell, but its major failure is that Boorman never dispenses us

and therefore fails to create a believable reality for the Vortex.

Boorman may want to satirize some of the more pretentious elements of the science-fiction genre, but his purpose is thwarted if he cannot sustain his own concept.

Rather than letting the film be subjective, thrusting the viewer into the position of Zed and making him experience all that Zed experiences, Boorman's film is scattered. Sean Connery is a fine performer. One only has to see him as the oppressed and suppressed poet, Samson Shillito in Elliot Baker's *A FINE MADNESS*; or as the police-detective in the film *THE OFFENCE*, who reflects Sidney Lumet's concept of dominant/recessive relationships, to realize Connery is capable of outrageous performance or quiet intensity. He's not given the chance to do either here. And even the

one line quip from the Bond films are stripped from him.

Zed, indeed, stands alone before his makers. His makers, or at least the ones who consider themselves his betters, are called the Eternals (as we mentioned before) and their utopia is in the midst of this Irish countryside (which is nice since much of the film was purportedly leased there). The Eternals are intellectuals gone the way of all intellectuals in bad sci-fi before them. They are bored. They cannot die. If you've read any science-fiction, you've read this one somewhere before. And they can commune, mentally, with one another. Or so we are told.

It is never convincing. When the one scene does arrive where the Eternals flutter their hands in the air (supposedly signifying they are going into trance), one has the impression that it is only poorly motivated extras going



through the motions without any concern to make the audience believe or care if the experience is real. Perhaps it's Boorman's intent to make a poorly acted sci-fi meller of the type so prevalent in the 1950's. If so, he almost succeeds.

Intriguing speculations are consistently wasted, thrown away in off-handed lines, without any concern for dramatic ascension.

Halfway through the film, the Eternals ask Zed how he came to know that Zardoz was a fake God. The mental scanners that are visually producing Zed's mind-images, reproducing his past before he invaded the Vortex, fail to gain the answer. It's a good question, but it is answered almost immediately as we cut back to Zed's past and see



him ripping through the pages of the *Wizard of Oz*. Get it? Zardoz is an anagram, and the God in the *Wizard of Oz* is one that gains its power over people by threatening them and controlling them through fear of retribution. It's a nice bit, but there is no build-up to it. Zardoz, as a God, has been left behind without ever raising any question to his identity.

The plot twist should have been as much a revelation to us as it was to Zed, but because simple dramatic structure is ignored, the moment is robbed of much of its impact. It becomes merely another bit in a succession of good bits and ideas.

Curiously, the violence seldom works either. When Zed causes revolution to sweep across the face of the Vortex, the destruction is oddly pristine. Figures fall in Peckinpah poetic slow-motion but it is curiously anticlimactic. It is not the fact that there isn't any spurting blood or severed limbs abounding, it is again a lack of dramatic impact. Boorman certainly understood that fact in *DELIVERANCE*. One's mind returns immediately to the scene where the surviving canoers find their dead friend further downstream, one arm pulled obscenely out of its socket, wrapped at an impossible angle about the head. It takes the breath away. The eyes want to turn, wish they hadn't registered the image that they have seen. The violence in *ZARDOZ* never comes near striking that chord.

Visually the film is attractive, and a few of the special effects are well done; but for the most part they become substitutes for good storytelling. There are successions of split-screen images, mirrors within mirrors, but one has the feeling one has seen most of it all before.

The sad thing, the sad thing about many of these science-fiction properties, is that the ideas are precious gems surrounded in gelatin that dims their glint. And thus, the ideas become lost to the kinds of audience that

need to be exposed to new ideas. The sadder thing is that it needn't happen that way. Gene Roddenberry realized that when doing *STAR TREK*. *TREK* may not have been the most revolutionary visual treat to ever fill the living rooms of America, but it managed to touch the fringe area of basic by first concentrating on the personalities that inhabited that world.

ZARDOZ did have a gift, and the gift is its presentation of ideas; but the ideas, without a solid foundation around them, are lost.

Lest to those who do love science-fiction.

And lost to those that don't.

In the end analysis then, *ZARDOZ* leaves the audience without any winners ... but only losers.



An Interview With Leonard Nimoy

by Mike Harrison and Jeff Gelb

The role of Mr. Spock, as characterized by Leonard Nimoy in television's legendary "Star Trek," is one of science fiction's most fascinating and beloved. The Vulcan with the pointed ears and relentless logic lent a dimension to the program that not only led to its initial success, but contributed in a great way to the increasing number of devout "Trekkies" who keep the message of "Star Trek" alive years after the filming of the last episode.

On a recent visit to San Diego, California, Leonard Nimoy shared some of his thoughts and personal recollections with two members of the Southern California media who also just happen to be two of "Star Trek's" biggest fans.

Jeff Gelb is by day a mild mannered popular air personality on KPRI Radio. By night he is a wild eyed comic book and horror film fanatic! In the nineties, he was one of the pioneers of organized comic book fandom as publisher of "Men of Mystery," an early comic book fanzine, and writer for such fellow fan editors as Marvel's own Mary Wolfson in "Stories of Suspense."

Mike Harrison, also an air personality on KPRI Radio, is the album editor of "Radio and Records." At the age of nine he already published his own comic strip "Spock Town" and grew up to share Jeff Gelb's enthusiasm for science fiction. According to Harrison, his goal in life is to someday be a monster, himself. There are many people who think he has already accomplished that goal.

The following is the text of their interview with Leonard Nimoy.

MOM: WHAT TAKES UP MOST OF YOUR TIME AS OF LATE?

NIMOV: I'm doing an awful lot of travelling and a wide variety of things all over the country. In the last year I've done six different theatrical productions, including a play on Broadway last winter for Otto Preminger. This spring I did Fagan in "Oliver," and Tevye in "Fiddler on the Roof." I did "The King and I" in Wisconsin, "Rin Tin Tin" in Michigan, and "One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest" in Illinois. I've done about 25 or 30 college lecture dates which I enjoy a lot. I have a good time with those. Several personal appearances here and there. I did a movie that was just on ABC. I did that in Los Angeles last summer.

MOM: OF THE MANY ROLES THAT YOU'VE PLAYED AS QUITE OBVIOUSLY AN ACCOMPLISHED ACTOR, WHICH ONE WAS YOUR FAVORITE?

NIMOV: I've had a lot of favorites. People ask me about my favorite "Star Trek" episodes, and I have a lot of favorites there, too, for different reasons. There are certain shows that stand out in my mind in the series, and that I enjoyed doing in the series, but the same is true for various roles that I've played outside of "Star Trek." Obviously, Mr. Spock has to be one of my greatest experiences of all time because the character was such a remarkable challenge and a remarkable experience for me to play. There are several others, though, that I shouldn't really neglect. Playing Tevye in "Fiddler on the Roof" was a fantastic experience for me. I did it on tour for seven weeks and got an awful lot out of it. I was in San



Diego a couple of years ago doing "A Man in a Glass Booth" which was quite an experience. So it really would be unfair to choose any one role and say that's the most important, meaningful, or pleasurable. Different roles offer me something different in each case.

MOM: EVEN THOUGH YOUR ACTING CAREER BEGAN A LONG TIME BEFORE YOU PLAYED MR. SPOCK, AND YOU'VE BEEN ON MANY SHOWS SINCE "STAR TREK," MOST NOTABLY "MISSION: IMPOSSIBLE," THE FIRST THING THAT COMES TO THE AVERAGE PERSON'S MIND WHEN YOUR NAME IS MENTIONED IS MR. SPOCK.

NIMOY: Right.

MOM: HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT THIS TYPE-CASTING?



NIMOY: It doesn't bother me. The simplest way to put it is to say that Mr. Spock gave me a career. True, I had been working as an actor up until that time, but I certainly had no public recognition to speak of. Without public recognition it's pretty tough to get to do the things you'd like to do in my business. Once you get public recognition it becomes a lot easier because then there are places that want you and then you have some choice of material, ideas, and challenges. So, I'm very pleased with it. It hasn't created any problems for me, certainly not in the theatrical sense. I've been able to do a wide variety of things since "Star Trek."

MOM: DO YOU MEAN IT HASN'T AFFECTED THE AMOUNT OR TYPES OF ROLES YOU'VE BEEN OFFERED IN AN ADVERSE WAY?

NIMOY: No. Well, it probably has in television. I suspect that it implants certain ideas in television producers' minds about the kinds of things that they would hire me for. But, fortunately, my life isn't completely television. If a television role comes along that's interesting, I do it. If not, I don't. There are other things for me to do and that is because I played a character called Mr. Spock and became well known.

MOM: DO YOU LIKE SPOCK PERSONALLY? CAN YOU IDENTIFY WITH HIM?



NIMOY: I can identify with him completely. I have no difficulty identifying with Spock. I'm writing a book on the subject now, or trying to, or discovering as I write, that I'm trying to deal with, or discovering as I write, is that the concept of Spock being an alien is something that I can relate to very easily, and always have. I think, probably, the roles that I've been most successful playing down through the years, before "Star Trek," were characters who were alienated in some way from their own society and felt like loners or outsiders. Most people, at some time in their lives, feel that. They feel that they are different in some way, or not acceptable. Perhaps that's one of the reasons that people find it easy to relate to the character. That's just one of the many reasons that Spock is such a popular character, but an important one.

MOM: DO YOU MISS PLAYING SPOCK? DO YOU LOOK FORWARD TO, OR IS THERE ANY CHANCE "STAR TREK" WILL BE STARTED OVER AGAIN?

NIMOY: I miss doing good material. When we were doing "Star Trek" much of the time we had very good material to play. That wasn't always true. In television it's extremely difficult, if not impossible, to have every script be a winner, and in that sense, we had our share of losers. But, I think by and large we had a very good high

percentage of good scripts. And I miss that. I miss good scripts, regardless of who the character is. I would be very happy to play Spock again if a good "Star Trek" script came along, and my understanding now is that it's possible that there might be a "Star Trek" movie made sometime in 1975. Gene Roddenberry, the producer has been negotiating with Paramount to put together a movie.

MOM: WOULD IT BE WITH THE ORIGINAL CAST?

NIMOY: That's the intention. At least for the moment. The studio is saying that they intend to use the original cast when they can.

MOM: THE "STAR TREK" MATERIAL THAT YOU SPOKE OF WAS, OF COURSE, SCIENCE FICTION. ARE YOU A SCIENCE FICTION FAN, AND IF SO, DID "STAR TREK" CREATE THAT INTEREST?

NIMOY: I was interested in science fiction before "Star Trek," but I would never consider myself, even now, a science fiction buff. There are people who are science fiction buffs who really make a study of the literature of science fiction and read all the important science fiction material that comes along. I don't think that I could put myself in that category at all. But, I have a great respect for



16 or 20 directors, and 20 or 30 writers, and 3 or 4 different producers, so I guess, in the final analysis, the control of the character falls into the hands of the actor. At least to the extent that he can influence the writers and the producers. There were changes in the character, but I think the best way to describe that is to say that we were exploring what areas we could take Spock into, and make the character interesting, and develop interesting stories of an alien character trying to function in situations that are new and strange to him. Like love stories, for example. Sometimes we were successful, sometimes we weren't. It depends on the material. As far as the look of the character is concerned, I think that became fairly rapidly refined and then maintained a constancy. In the very early shows the eyebrows were a little bit bushier and perhaps a couple of other minor touches, but by and

science fiction and what it offers us in the way of ideas for the future and insights into our civilization.

MOM: FROM THE EARLY "STAR TREK" EPISODES TO THE LATER ONES, THERE'S QUITE AN EVOLUTION IN THE CHARACTER OF SPOCK: MORE SO THAN ANY OTHER CHARACTER.

NIMOY: How would you describe it?

MOM: EVEN IN HIS APPEARANCE. IN THE EARLY ONES THE EYEBROWS WERE DIFFERENT, THE MAKEUP WAS DIFFERENT, THE ACTIONS WERE DIFFERENT. HE WAS TOTALLY COMPUTERIZED IN THE EARLY SHOWS BUT AS TIME WENT ON HE SHOWED MORE PERSONALITY AND EMOTION. THERE WERE THOSE STRANGE LOVE INTERESTS UNDER STRANGE INFLUENCES.

NIMOY: There is that danger when you hang around human too long!

MOM: WAS IT YOUR DOING THAT CREATED THIS EVOLUTION OR WAS IT FROM THE DIRECTOR?

NIMOY: There was no one director and there was no one producer. Not any one writer. A series over a period of three years, like "Star Trek," would have as many as





MOM: WE DIDN'T KNOW THAT. WE WERE GOING TO ASK YOU WHERE THEY GOT ALL THOSE OLD SEQUENCES.

NIMOY: In the original pilot that we made Jeff Hunter was the captain of the ship. That pilot didn't sell. A year later, NBC and Paramount together decided to try again. They went about shooting a new "Star Trek" pilot, and in their negotiations with Jeff Hunter they found that they couldn't get together, so they recast the role of the captain and hired Bill Shatner. Now what happened at that point was that obviously they had spent a lot of money. About 3/4 of a million dollars in the first pilot, "The Cage." There was that very marvelous footage and seemingly no way to use it. So, Gene Roddenberry constructed a story wherein we could incorporate the original pilot into the present "Star Trek" with the new captain of the ship, Captain Kirk, played by Bill Shatner. It was kind of a flashback story which told a story of my previous relationship with Jeff Hunter as captain of the Enterprise, Captain Pike. That's how this two-parter came about. And in that show there is a difference in the make-up of Mr. Spock because in the original pilot the hair and eyebrows were quite a bit different, and the look of the character was a little bit different than what we had arrived at when we finally started to shoot the series. So in that show you see both of the Spock looks. You see the Spock that we finally arrived at and you see the original Spock look that had been done a year earlier in the original pilot.

MOM: IN THE NEWER PORTION OF IT WAS THE DISFIGURED CAPTAIN PIKE CONFINED TO THAT CHAIR ACTUALLY PLAYED BY JEFF HUNTER?

large, once we had refined the makeup during the first season, I think it stayed fairly stable for the run of the show.

MOM: WHICH WAS YOUR FAVORITE EPISODE?

NIMOY: (Laughs.) There's that question! Well, I have several favorites for various reasons. Sometimes a show is your favorite because you explore a new area and it works successfully. Sometimes a show is your favorite because a particular script helps you to define your own character and gives you some new insight into your own character. Or sometimes you think, "Well, gee, this is what I think is the best of a 'Star Trek,' a classic 'Star Trek' episode." "The City on the Edge of Forever" was one of my favorites. I thought it was a very lovely show and very thoughtfully and tastefully done. Some of the others that come to mind are "This Side of Paradise," which I thought was a very successful exploration of a love story for Mr. Spock; certainly "Amok Time" would have to be one of my favorites. That's the story in which we go back to Vulcan and explore the Vulcan society, and the possible marriage of Mr. Spock. "Naked Time" was a very important show, very early for me, because it helped to define the schizophrenia between the Human and Vulcan sides of Mr. Spock. Those are some of the shows that I think about and some of the reasons that I think about them. There were others that I was very excited about and proud of too.

MOM: HOW ABOUT "THE MANAGERIE"?

NIMOY: Well, "The Manager" was a classic. I didn't mean to neglect it. It contained the original "Star Trek" pilot which was a show called "The Cage." It was made a year before the second "Star Trek" pilot which actually sold the show.



NIMOY: No. In those scenes another actor was used. It was supposed to be Jeff Hunter but actually was not. It was a man whose face was covered up by make-up so that you couldn't really see who he was. There was enough resemblance, though, that it would suggest that it was Jeff Hunter.

MOM: WAS "THE MANAGERIE" RELEASED AFTER JEFFERY HUNTER HAD DIED?

NIMOY: I don't think so. I think it was on the air while he was still alive.

MOM: THAT EPISODE WON AN AWARD, DIDN'T IT?

NIMOY: I believe it won a Hugo Award for the best science fiction television show.

MOM: IN "STAR TREK'S" DANGEROUS ACTION SCENES; THE FIGHTS; THE FALLING OFF ROCKS AND ALL THAT, WERE THERE STUNT MEN AND DOUBLES EMPLOYED OR DID YOU HAVE TO TAKE RISKS, WORK OUT, AND BE IN TOP NOTCH CONDITION?

NIMOY: Bill and I were both in very good physical condition and did a lot of the things ourselves, but I would say the practice on "Star Trek" was pretty similar to what it is on any other television series or motion picture. There are stuntmen and doubles used occasionally for certain specific stunts where a person might get hurt. It's a very practical situation. The studios simply do not want actors doing those things when there is a possibility for them to be hurt because if they're hurt it shuts down production. They would much rather, although it seems like a crude way to put it, if somebody's going to get hurt, they would much rather it be a stunt man because the production won't get shut down. And of course, a stunt man gets well paid for doing that. That's his business. He





knows how to do it. If he gets hurt that's part of his profession.

MOM: WHO ARE SOME OF THE PEOPLE THAT YOU PARTICULARLY ENJOYED WORKING WITH AMONG THE ACTORS AND ACTRESSES WHO PORTRAYED THE GUEST CHARACTERS IN "STAR TREK"?

NIMOY: That's a good question which I haven't given an awful lot of thought. Among the people who come to mind is Roger Corman, the actor who played Harry Mudd. He's a marvelous actor and he had a tremendous impact on the audiences. I loved working with Celia Lovsky, who played the Matriarch on the Vulcan planet. She has such grace and dignity and she really filled that role beautifully. I also must not forget the people who played my parents, Mark Leonard who played Sarek and Jane Wyatt who played my mother. There are so many, so many. It's hard to recall. There's one man I must not neglect. His name was Lazar Breslava. Lazar was a very special kind of brilliant talent. He created creatures for motion pictures and worked in creature suits of various kinds. In the show called "The Devil in the Dark" which was also one of my favorite shows, the show about the Horta mother who was trying to protect her eggs, he created that Horta creature that crawled around on the ground and it was him inside that foam rubber outfit that

he created for himself, and made that character really come to life in a very difficult job. Lazar was one of the people who, unfortunately, was killed in a plane crash about a year ago. There was a motion picture company up in Northern California shooting some studies of apes. He was doing an ape character and was on that plane when the entire company was killed. So, I obviously must mention him because he was very helpful to us and particularly in that show and in a couple of other episodes where he did other creatures for us as well.

MOM: TELL US ABOUT YOUR OFF CAMERA RELATIONSHIP WITH BILL SHATNER.

NIMOY: Bill and I are very much alike, interestingly enough. We have the same kind of energy, the same kind of attack on problems, and a very similar and common sense of humor. We make each other laugh easily. And when we do get together today, every once in a while, we just babble and tell each other funny stories and remind each other of funny things, and we just have a terrific time talking to each other. I don't see him very much. He's traveling an awful lot, as am I, and we're very rarely in the same place at the same time. But we still do enjoy talking. I talk to DeForest Kelly very frequently, he's a good friend, and an occasional phone conversation or meeting with Jimmy Gooahan and Michelle Nichols. I see George Takei periodically in Los Angeles. Terrific guy.



Very bright, wonderful human being. They're a terrific bunch of people. We were very lucky. The chemistry on that show between the actors was pretty remarkable, and I think quite rare for a television series.

MOM: "STAR TREK" SEEMS TO HAVE GAINED ITS GREAT POPULARITY THROUGH ITS RE-RUNS WHICH ARE SHOWN IN JUST ABOUT EVERY CITY IN THE COUNTRY, SOMETIMES TWO, THREE, OR MORE TIMES PER WEEK. MOST PEOPLE HAVE TURNED ON TO THE SHOW IN THE YEARS FOLLOWING ITS RUN AS A NEW SERIES DO YOU THINK "STAR TREK" WAS AHEAD OF ITS TIME?

NIMOY: I think that's possibly true. There was a little bit of that. After all, we first went on the air before we even sent anyone to the moon. It was a little difficult for a lot of people to focus on us as a show having any merit. But I think just as important, and maybe more important, is simply the fact that the show is now on at times when people can watch it. The scheduling: the time slots that NBC gave us; I think that you could very easily say that those would be time slots that you would give a show if you wanted to get rid of it. Particularly the third season. They put us on Friday night at 10 o'clock which is an awful time slot for a show like that. It's a good spot for Lawrence Welk, where the audience is a quiet, stay at home, sit down kind of audience. But our audience, a natural "Star Trek" audience, they're just not home Friday night at 10 o'clock. They're involved in school activities. They're involved in dating. I think it was a very bad choice on NBC's part for a show like ours. Now, as you point out, the show is on very frequently in most cities in the country, and in many cities it's on five, six, seven days a week and usually when many people can get to a TV set and watch it. 6 o'clock in the evening, that kind of thing.

MOM: DO THE PRINCIPLES IN "STAR TREK"

STILL RECEIVE RESIDUALS?

NIMOY: No. Residuals are an area of great misconception. We do get residuals, but only through a certain number of runs I think it's five re-runs. After the original ran its on a diminishing scale. By the time you get down to the last run, the fifth or sixth run, you're getting a small amount of money, but still being paid. After that, the studio owns the film outright and they no longer pay residuals to anyone. In the "Star Trek" reruns the five or six re-runs ran out a long time ago. None of us are getting any money from it now.

MOM: DO YOU EVER WATCH THE RE-RUNS ON TELEVISION?

NIMOY: I watched the show last night. It happened that some people asked me yesterday what my favorite episode was and I mentioned several including "City on the Edge of Forever" and they said it's on tonight. I hadn't seen it since it was on the air six or seven years ago, whenever it was, and I did watch it last night and I did enjoy it. I watch the show occasionally to try to get a feeling of what the show looks like today in terms of a contemporary context.

MOM: DO YOU THINK THEY STILL HOLD UP WELL?

NIMOY: Yes I do, I do. And in many interesting ways perhaps even more powerfully than they did then. We've come through some remarkable experiences as a people in the last ten or twelve years, and certainly in the last couple of years. Political problems, the war, economic problems, ecological problems, energy problems, that kind of thing. It's very exciting to me to watch some of the "Star Trek" episodes today and see the ideas that were in that show placed against the context of the present. I think they hold up remarkably well.

MOM: WE AGREE. OBVIOUSLY, A LOT OF PEOPLE DO

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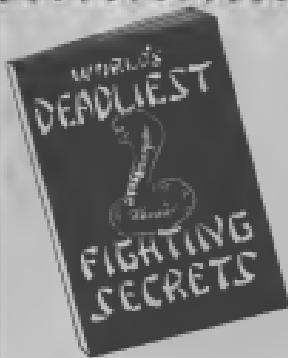
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To really appreciate THE WAR OF THE WORLDS, DESTINATION MOON, and 2001, you must know about PLAN 9 FROM OUTER SPACE, CAT WOMEN OF THE MOON and the rest of the Other World invaders that have exploded upon us!



The Martian intelligence in INVADERS FROM MARS

Bombs From Outer Space

by Eric L. Hoffman

When George Pal's *DESTINATION MOON* and, to a slightly lesser degree, Kurt Neumann's *ROCKETSHIP X-M* opened the way for science-fiction to march across the motion picture screen, the concept of visual sci-fi was taken out of the "Buck Rogers/Flash Gordon" category and into the more acceptable realm of "speculative" fiction (it's fiction now, but it could be reality).

Classic films such as *WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE*, *WAR OF THE WORLDS*, *2001*, *FORBIDDEN PLANET* and the like were made possible by these first

major achievements. There were smaller, well-made films to balance the larger budgeted "class" productions. Some of these smaller-budgeted epics that had some merit to them included *MAGNETIC MONSTER*, with its energy-devouring element; *RIDERS TO THE STARS*, despite its melodramatic plot, followed sound scientific facts for a basis. The list itself could be endless.

Unfortunately, there seems to be some kind of law that states that for every successful original, there will be dozens of inferior imitators cropping up. Whether it be television, music or motion pictures, the principle has



A solid classic—no bomb at all—was George Pal's *DESTINATION MOON*

Outer Space

held true for many years. Everybody wants to jump on the bandwagon.

Since the science-fiction film is the general theme for this issue, I'm going to delve into the darker recesses of my memory (shudder) and take a look at the other side of the coin, the opposite pole of the quality science-fiction production. I am, naturally, referring to the low-budget quickies that try to cash in on the popular trend, promising new thrills, excitement, monsters of all sorts, shapes and sizes. These are films that cause an audience to emerge from a theater with muddled senses, glazed

eyes and the word "Why" thundering in their brains.

As with the quality productions, the list is huge, encompassing not only productions here but abroad. So, in the interests of space (and jangled nerves), only a few, selected odds and ends made in the U.S. will receive mention.

In 1953, when 3-Dimension seemed to have gained a solid foothold with audiences (thanks to such films as *HOUSE OF WAX* and *IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE*), producer Al Zimbalist unleashed a production that made a Sam Katzman quickie look like an A-picture

ROBOT MONSTER stands as one of those all-time forgettables that brings about a convulsive shudder in the memory of the staunchest sci-fi/terror fan. No doubt inspired by the basic plot device of *Fox's INVADERS FROM MARS* (the entire story emerging as a kid's nightmare), **ROBOT MONSTER** told of the last six human beings attempting to survive on a world dominated by the Ro-Men, alien beings who, seeing Earth's scientific progress as a menace to their domination of the Universe (sound familiar?) have destroyed all



The Mission only seems to be hugging Helena Carter as Dr. Pei Blake and holding hands with Jimmy Hunt as David in INVADERS FROM MARS

life with their super death rays—with the exception of the aforementioned six. They just happened to have developed an immunity to the ray, thanks to a serum created by one of their number, the traditional super-scientist. When they are detected by the Ro-men's instruments, one of their number, Ro-Man (an original touch), is sent to finish the job personally.

As the plot thickens, the six (handsome hero George Nader, the wise scientist and his wife [John Mylong and Selena Royle], their beautiful daughter—and the hero's girlfriend [Claudia Barrett], and two of the most obnoxious screen kids it has been one's misfortune to see [Gregory Moffett and Pamela Paulson]) are soon done in. Nader and the little girl fall victim to Ro-Man's strength while the scientist, his wife and the others are destroyed when the head Ro-Man, known as the "Great Guidance" (or "Great" to his close friends) unleashes a souped-up version of the death ray.

Ro-Man suffers the fate of most film monsters, he falls for the lovely heroine and is torn between orders to tear her apart and what his swiss-jewel-movement heart tells him ("I must . . . but I cannot . . . I cannot, but I must . . . I want to be human"). The Guidance Ro-Man solves this problem by unleashing the same super-ray upon the alien and his intended. Then, for an encore, he causes Earth to revert to its prehistoric state—complete with battling lizards, courtesy of ONE MILLION B.C. stock footage . . . before blowing the planet to bits.

Unfortunately, the entire mush-mash turns out to be the little boy's nightmare, fed by a steady diet of ultra-



Frankenstein in *FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE SPACE MONSTER*

fantastic comic books. The audience should have been warned from the start by the titles over an array of comics that would have given Dr. Wertham nightmares!

The real nightmare (besides the script) was the title creature, Ro-Man himself. He could be accurately described as an "overweight gorilla with a space helmet for a head." Yes, all it took for producer Zimbalist and company to devise an alien monstrosity was to dig up a gorilla suit, stick the popular concept of a helmet on it and voilà! Instant monstrosity! The result did double duty as both Ro-Man and the Great Guidance, thereby saving the company some cash.

If the film is memorable for anything, it is the hilarious gimmick that heralded Ro-Man's appearance as he came bolling out of his cave headquarters . . . a machine that blew bubbles! The sight of the "terrifying alien," stalking off to do murder in a fanfare of soap bubbles (something like a Lawrence Welk program gone mad) must have provoked screams . . . of laughter from kids and adults alike.

Having destroyed the world, Zimbalist turned spaceward and came up with *CAT WOMEN OF THE MOON* (1953), also given some 3-D release. Since this was still an era of ultra-fantastic, blood-and-thunder science-fiction, all it took was a group of attractive starties in black leotards, a couple of imitation giant spiders on wires and the old lost civilization gambit (with women who had hypnotic powers, super-intelligence and the ability to vanish at will) with a small city hidden in caverns within the moon—complete with breathable atmosphere! Put them all together, and you had a film notable mainly for its surprisingly good cast of featured players: Sonny Tufts, Marie Windsor, Victor Jory, Bill Phillips and Douglas Fowley. Carol Brewster led the

aliens (out to rip off the Earthlings' spaceship and fly to our world) while the "Hollywood Cover Girls" were the Cat Women (who displayed no feline traits whatsoever . . . not even asking for a saucer of milk). One must admit, however, that as alien menaces, the Cat Women were a definite improvement, visually, over Ro-Man.

With *CAT WOMEN*, quickie-filmmakers found that the female of the species became a good draw at the box office, whenever their heroes landed on distant worlds—courtesy of the sound stages. There were very popular heavies for galactic quickies, whether on other planets or visiting our worlds . . . and they usually had less than honorable intentions.

FIRE MAIDENS OF OUTER SPACE (1955), classified as a British production, had a definite U.S. flavor to it. Valentino look-alike Anthony Dexter starred as one of four astronauts who land on one of Jupiter's moons and promptly find a bevy of attractive young ladies in Greek-style togas, one very old man . . . plus a very hostile, weapons-proof monster. The humans are revealed as descendants of the survivors of Atlantis. It seems (according to the improbable plot) that the Atlanteans, when their continent sank under the waves, left Earth in spaceships and set up a new civilization. With a ridiculous monster, less than amateur ritual dancing (backed up by the very recognizable *Stranger In Paradise* from *Kismet* . . . or *Borodin's Prince Igor* for the sake of exactness) and even worse acting, it's easy to figure out the rest. Receiving less than limited theatrical release, this turkey pops up from time to time on the late-late show, promptly putting anybody with insomnia right to sleep.

MISSILE TO THE MOON (1958) provided an encore for the basic plot element of *CAT WOMEN OF*



Opposite: Once a favorite TV heroine for mystery movies, in *PLAN 9 FROM OUTER SPACE*

THE MOON (lost civilization with air in caverns under moon surface, women with telepathic and hypnotic powers, etc.). Add to that some wire-driven spiders and some man-shaped creatures of living rock, ridiculous dialogue, and you have the general idea.

Visitors to our world fared just as badly. In RKO's *KILLERS FROM SPACE* (1954), Peter Graves had a real mission impossible on his hands, making the film less ridiculous than it was. Originally scheduled for J-D release (according to some of the film trade papers), *KILLERS FROM SPACE* had Graves saving Earth from the most unbelievable aliens this side of *Ro-Man*. Humanoids beings swathed in black from head to foot, sporting ping-pong balls for eyes!

An atomic scientist, Graves, killed in a plane crash while observing an atomic bomb test, is brought back to life by the Altrons, inhabitants of a dark, dying world. The creatures want Graves to bring them information on the next atomic tests for a very special reason; it seems

they are using the radiation from the nuclear bombs to create an "invincible army" of giant insects and reptiles (courtesy of the studio process screen), with the intention of unleashing said army upon humanity. With every living thing wiped out, the Altrons will emigrate to our world with its favorable climate. However, without a self-destructing tape recorder or IMF team, Graves manages to turn the tables on the aliens (even though nobody believes him) and as the film ends we see the Altron headquarters go up in a bodily superimposed atomic blast, signifying the Altrons' hopes being blown to bits . . . as well as the Altrons.

THE ASTOUNDING SHE-MONSTER (1958) undid her way through a plot that mixed the visitor from space theme with a gang of hoodlums who have kidnapped an heiress and a heroic geologist. Shurtley Kilpatrick, decked out in a form-fitting metallic jump suit, surrounded by a radioactive haze, was a very watchable menace, complete with arched eyebrows and a touch that was out of this world . . . as well as lethally radioactive. Before the film is over, the She-Monster chalked up a bear and three hoodlums to her score until hero Robert Clarke devised an acid bath that ate through her protective suit.

Despite its quickie status, **SHE-MONSTER** did sport a unique ending for this kind of picture; for all her lethal qualities, it is revealed that the curvaceous alien is actually an emissary from the federation of galactic worlds, bearing an invitation for Earth to join the outer space version of the U.N. So much for bums across the stars



In *PLAN 9*, briefly. Tor Johnson is menaced by Bela Lugosi—or is it only Lugosi's double?

Other quackies that deserve passing mention include **THE BRAIN FROM PLANET AROUS** (with John Agar possessed by an evil brain from outer space), **CAPE CANAVERAL MONSTERS** (globes of intelligent energy re-animate accident victims for use in sabotaging a rocket launching at the Cape), **ATTACK OF THE 50 FOOT WOMAN** (Allison Hayes goes amok in a bedsheet bikini and a transparent alien guest, in a hand-me-down uniform from a *Hercules* picture, collects diamonds) and **MONSTER A-GO-GO** (astronaut returns to Earth as a not-so-jolly-green giant).

FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE SPACE MONSTER (1965) had absolutely nothing to do with Mary Shelley's characters or their descendants. Instead, the "Frankenstein" of the title was a human-appearing android, developed by hero-and-heroine scientists for a deep space probe. The rocket is shot down by an alien spaceship and the android (known as Frank Saunders) parachutes to safety, landing in Puerto Rico. So does the spaceship. Its inhabitants are held, very pale-skinned and sport pointed ears. Your normal, everyday, hostile aliens from outer space. They have come to Earth to kidnap women for the purpose of repopulating their war-torn planet. The android encounters one of the advance guard and is promptly fired upon with a laser gun. The resulting blast disfigures half of his face. As if being made ugly wasn't enough, the android is also made non-conformist (as crazy as a bed bug) due to the fact that half of his electronic brain went along with the damaged section of his face. He becomes a "Frankenstein" and goes on a rampage.

Meanwhile, the good guy scientists are trying to find him, while aliens are having their jollies kidnapping every good-looking girl in sight. Everything gets wrapped up neatly as the aliens get theirs when they kidnap the heroine. Frank, repainted slightly after being captured by the invaders, but still as naive as a Barbie Doll's prayer, takes on the aliens and their pet creature, Muli, a shaggy, grizzly throwback to Hairy-Bern (the *Bag Eye Monster*) school of method-monsters. The finale has Frank managing to blow up the alien craft, himself, the invaders and Muli, while the audience is left to wonder what they spent their money on.

Even the great Jules Verne wasn't safe from quickie-stampon. **VALLEY OF THE DRAGONS** was producer Al Zimbaldi's version of Verne's *Cave of a Century* or *Hector's Castle*. The plot had heroes Cesare Danova and Sean McClory about to fight a duel when their argument is postponed indefinitely. It seems a comet has suddenly come whirling out of space, passing too close to the Earth and, coincidentally, the spot upon which they are standing. The maverick planetoid whisks our heroes off of Earth and onto its surface before careening back into space. There, our heroes find that they have ended up on a planet very much like our world's own prehistoric past (Hollywood style). Thanks to the whim of the gods, fate, the writers . . . and tons of stock footage (you guessed it!) **ONE MILLION B.C.** In fact, the best thing about **VALLEY OF THE DRAGONS** is about 70 to 80 percent of the picture consisted of stock from the *Hail Reach* classic.

Only one other film came close, equalled or surpassed this situation, a co-production of Mexico's Azteco Films and Hal Roach productions, entitled **ISLAND OF THE DINOSAURS**. In it, a scientific expedition finds a lost island complete with cave men, dinosaurs, etc. Handsome cave man falls for girl in expedition. Boy gets girl,



The Space Monster in *FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE SPACE MONSTER*

boy loses girl, girl doesn't get dinosaur-skin coat. . .

To Azteca Films, a small mid-western (or possibly southern) based company, goes the ultimate no-prize for consistently bad fantastic films. With producer-director Larry Buchanan at the helm, Azteca, evidently in conjunction with AIP, proceeded to come up with a series of pictures that were out and out remakes of earlier AIP productions. Usually featuring a "name" player or familiar character actor, the film's cast was filled out with local performers.

THE EYE CREATURES was easily recognizable as a remake of **INVASION OF THE SAUCER MEN**, with John Ashley as the side-burned hero. **MARS NEEDS WOMEN** (one of the few original ideas in the series) had Tommy Kirk as a Martian out to help his planet repopulate itself by kidnapping girls (I wonder if they compared notes with the aliens of *FRANKENSTEIN MEETS SPACE MONSTER*). Perhaps the worst remake was **ZONTAR: THE THING FROM VENUS**. A verbatim remake of **IT CONQUERED THE WORLD**, **ZONTAR** featured John Agar (as the Peter Graves role) trying to save mankind from a creature that resembled a scorched cross between a bat and a mosquito.

For tiny budgets, **PLAN 9 FROM OUTER SPACE** seems to hold the prize. Made by Edward D. Wood, Jr. (the same man responsible for **BRIDE OF THE MONSTER**), **PLAN 9** was an attempt to combine the elements of the tried-and-true horror film with the notion for UFOs and the idea of alien visitors. Perhaps the only thing of note about **PLAN 9** is that it contained what is believed to be the last film shot of Bela Lugosi.

Narrated by Criswell ("Criswell Predicts" fame), the picture had aliens from space activating the diabolical **Plan 9** (the last eight fiddled out) as a prelude to conquering our world in order to prevent the destruction of the Universe from our nuclear testing (a cue as bad as the disease. Part of the plan involved bringing back the recent dead by using a special ray. These reanimated zombies would then form an army. Of course, since the budget was small, only three zombies are revived: Lugosi (complete with Dracula cape and suit), fanged horror film hostess of the 50s, Vampire, and big Toe Johnson, a police inspector wiped out by Lugosi. The group does most of its stalking through definitely artificial forests, a

shoddy constructed cemetery and a house or two.

The aliens get theirs after trying to make the Earthling heroes see the reason for their actions: Earth is on the verge of discovering a super-nuclear force. The explanation of the potential consequences, however, involving a rubber ball and a can of gasoline, reminded one more of a lecture along the level of Romper Room rather than a scientific dissertation. The alien's spaceship (or saucer) is set afire during a fight and blows up shortly after it takes off.

Special effects were terrible. The saucer looked more like two pie-plates glued together and hung on wires in front of a process screen. The main control room of the craft consisted of two tables, some radio and electronic equipment, regular roll chairs and an outside corridor. Weapons generally consisted of two Buck Rogers-type water pistols, distributed among the very human aliens.

Perhaps the best moment in the film occurred when Tor Johnson's corpse, revived by the aliens, dawned its way out of its grave. Lugosi's footage, with the venerable actor looking more his old self, was filmed before things evidently really got into production. The funeral sequence at the film's beginning and Lugosi stalking through the countryside in his Dracula outfit seemed to make up the bulk of his moments onscreen. Vampira had little to do except stalking through the studio night like a wind-up ghoul doll.

For our last example, let's take a quick peek at *QUEEN OF OUTER SPACE* (1958) a color-Cinemascope space-opera starring Zsa Zsa Gabor as a super-scientist (!!!) on the planet Venus.

If ever a picture succeeded in what it obviously set out to do, *QUEEN OF OUTER SPACE* holds that honor. The film itself has caused groans wherever it is mentioned. But if you really look at it and note the credits, you'll realize that this is actually a stop-sock spoof of every clichéd space opera ever filmed or written. Story writer Ben Hecht and scripter Charles Beaumont mixed together liberal helpings of Captain Video, Tom Corbett—Space Cadet, a smidgen of Space Patrol and a dash of *Planet Stories*. Now all they had to do was pull out the stops, stand back and let 'er rip!

The plot was pure melodrama. Three officers in the space force sometime in the future (handsome hero Eric Fleming, girl-chaser Patrick Waltz and wise-cracking Dave Willock) plus a scientist (Paul Birch) are dis-

patched to a space station to check up on the mysterious destruction of several bases. Their ship is captured by a mysterious green ray, after said ray blows up a space station. The ship crash lands on the planet Venus where the foursome are captured by the planet's inhabitants... all luscious women with mini-skirts, ray guns and a hatred for all men. It seems that a nuclear war, many years ago, wiped out most of the men, nearly destroyed the planet and also picked off or disfigured some of the women as well. The ruler of the planet, masked queen Laurie Mitchell and her cohorts, have brainwashed the Venusians into despising every male they see... as well as preparing to launch an attack on the Universe, starting with Earth. But while the queen makes her plans (and develops some warmth for Captain Fleming), fearless scientist Zsa Zsa Gabor and her allies in the underground aid our heroes in overthrowing the queen (who is revealed to be horribly mutilated under her gold mask). The death ray is destroyed, Earth is saved and our four heroes are ordered to remain as ambassadors to Venus until relief arrives from Earth (which may take several years). And so we leave them, four happy men and hundreds of grateful attractive women!

Space flight effects were kept to a minimum with most of the rocketship footage borrowed from *FLIGHT TO MARS* and *WORLD WITHOUT END*, plus some footage of the destruction of the space station. The good guys' uniforms as well as various weapons looked familiar—they were borrowed from *FORBIDDEN PLANET*. All that was missing was a Clark-on appearance by Robby the Robot.

Perhaps the most fun in the picture is watching Zsa Zsa as a space heroine. In fact, it is a toss-up as to who is more delightful. Zsa Zsa, with her Hungarian accent sticking out like a sore thumb (Duhlink, I shoot you wiz zee ray gun!) or Laurie Mitchell, chewing the scenery as the mad ruler of Venus. The entire spoof/fairy tale aspect of the picture is confirmed by the end credits, listing Ms. Mitchell as "The Wicked Queen" Poisoned apples, anyone?

There have been dozens of B to Z grade disasters that have or (mercifully) haven't made it to theater screens. Despite the laughs, groans and other assorted emotions they invoke, these films do have one important, redeeming factor. They make one appreciate the good fantasy films even more.

Another outer-space bimbo was on the attack in *ROBOT MONSTER*. A gorilla in a space helmet!



FIN

Robot Monsters Through Time and Space.

From *Devastation* the ramp from the spaceship in *THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL*

by Jim Harmon

Through the greatest of science fiction-horror pictures, through the pages of great fantasy novels, the ROBOT has stalked, its clanking footsteps striking FEAR into the heart of Man.

Gort walked down the runway from the saucer-shaped spaceship. His plasmic metal body sleek and nearly featureless. An army of men and their machines surrounded the ship but they were awed by this thing that walked like a man, but yet was not a man. Well they could be awed, for Gort had powers beyond life and death, power enough to emit a beam to a stand-still, and this was *THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL*.

The 20th Century Fox film of a visit from another planet is today regarded as one of the fantasy classics of the fifties. The movie was, of course, only one of many that have involved the theme of the man-like machine, the robot.

The earliest use of the word "robot" came in a stage play, not a movie. The great Czech writer, Karel Capek first used the term in his 1920 play, *R.U.R.* (for

"Rossum's Universal Robots"). In this tale, the robots were artificially made men constructed out of chemicals to look like human beings. In this case and some later ones, "robot" referred to any synthetic being resembling a man, but yet not a man. By this definition, the Frankenstein Monster would even be called a robot.

As time passed, though, the word "robot" came to mean only a man-made, a walking collection of clinking pipes, pins and bolts. A "soft" robot—one of artificial flesh—became known specifically as an "android."

In that play, *R.U.R.*, when the androids were still called robots, these artificial men were produced by the thousands, sold as servants, soldiers, workmen. Eventually they grew tired of serving man and revolted against their creators. This always seems to be the standard activity of robots in plays, books and movies. (Incidentally, 37

THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL

MICHAEL Rennie, Patricia Neal, Roddy McDowall

An original release theatre card for *THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL*.

the word "robot" comes from the Czech "robota," which translates as "servitude."

Even before Mary Shelley wrote her novel about Dr. Frankenstein creating what might be termed a robot—in the broadest sense—there were robot tales. A Greek legend tells of Talos, a "brazen" or metal man, built by Daedalus for Minos, king of Crete. All over Europe in the middle ages, alchemists experimented in efforts to build a "brazen head" from which great mystical secrets would be spoken. Jewish folklore from about the same time tells of Rabbi Loew breathing the breath of life into the Golem—a creature he had made from clay. Of course, this fable served as the inspiration for the famous early silent film, *THE GOLEM*.

Works of potted fiction continued to detail the exploits of mechanical men through the years. A "Steam Man" was constructed by Frank Reade, the boy inventor of the Dime Novels in the early 1900s. The Tin Woodman in L. Frank Baum's *Wizard of Oz* might be regarded as a robot. A paper example was in a comic strip at the time of World War I about an iron-headed German mechanical man, Fritz Von Blitz. Today, a very sophisticated robot or android, *The Vision*, has joined the ranks of the Marvel Comics Group's *THE AVENGERS*.

It was not until 1916 that the movie screen got its first robot, constituted of metal parts. This came in the silent serial, *THE MASTER MYSTERY*, starring the famous magician and escape artist, Harry Houdini. In every chapter, week by week, Houdini would escape from ropes and chains or handcuffs, and from the iron grip of the Automaton. (This landmark is somewhat clouded by the fact that in the last chapter, the robot is revealed to be a fake with a man inside it. But through the serial, the audience is supposed to think the robot real.)

Movie serials into the sound era also featured robot menaces. In *THE MIRACLE RIDER*, Western great, Tom Mix, only had to face danger from a robot-controlled rocketship called the *Firebird*. But in their next serial of 1935, *Mascot* had man-like robots walking around and threatening singing cowboy Gene Autry in his first starring venture, *THE PHANTOM EMPIRE*. The robots were sort of funnystocking, instead of menacing, a fate shared by many screen robots over the decades.

The robot created by Bela Lugosi in *THE PHANTOM CREEPS*, a Universal serial of the late thirties, did seem more menacing due to an expression



TOBOR THE GREAT was the center of attraction in the Republic production of that name.



DR SATAN SROBOT—at the feature version of *THE MYSTERIOUS DR. SATAN* it called on TV—had a crash on the horizon

which I have described elsewhere as looking like "a classic case of acid indigestion." All through the serial, as Lugosi performs all sorts of devilry in his mad scientist role, he constantly threatens to unleash the terrible creature on an unsuspecting world. Finally, in the last chapter, Lugosi at last sends the robot out against his enemies. One single bullet puts the lumbering robot out of commission. Some awful menace!

Other chapterplay robots appeared in *UNDERSEA KINGDOM* and then those very same metal suits to be worn by stuntmen were employed for scenes in *ZOMBIES OF THE STRATOSPHERE*, a good many years later. The same model robots that threatened Gene Autry were brought out of moth-balls (or grease pit) to challenge *CAPTAIN VIDEO* in the movie serial version of the 1950s TV program.

Feature film producers in Hollywood and throughout the world hardly ignored the robot either.

The brilliant German director, Fritz Lang used the most beautiful robot of all in his silent fantasy, *METROPOLIS*. The metal maid is given different names depending on which translation from the German subtitles you see, but her loveliness has haunted such men as film historian Forrest J. Ackerman for nearly a half century. Even seeing her and the film today, after being used to the modern world of sound and color movies, the experience is still remarkable. Her metal is made to seem more alluring than warm flesh.

It was not until the boom in science fiction and space movies in the 1950s that a whole platoon of robots began clanking across the screen to unnerve a suffering human-



Walter Pidgeon demonstrates some of the workings of Robby in *THE FORBIDDEN PLANET*



In 2001, the robot was the whole huge spaceship over which a man crawled like an ant

ty. Not only was there Gort (played by actor Lock Martin) in *THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL*, there was TOBOR THE GREAT, robotic alien in *TARGET EARTH*, and there was Robby the Robot.

Originally used in the lavish MGM space opera, *FORBIDDEN PLANET*, Robby became something of a star. He was really no monster, but kind of cute. After *FORBIDDEN PLANET*, Robby appeared in several TV shows such as one segment of the *Thor Man* mystery series with Peter Lawford. (Robby's voice, at least, belonged to actor Marvin Miller.)

More recently, HAL, the computer played a vital part in the Stanley Kubrick film, *2001*. HAL was a mechanical brain and his body was the entire spaceship in which that brain rode. When he admitted to having made "some very bad decision," HAL did seem to be a monster, but his death as one part of his gigantic brain is shut down after another seemed rather pathetic.

Off the movie screen, robots have played important parts in many television and radio programs. On the *Buck Rogers* radio series in the forties (based on the famous comic strip), spaceman Rogers had for a side-kick a good-guy robot called One. The *X Minus One* series of adult science fiction dramas (currently reappearing on NBC Radio just once a month) offered such stories of robots as Robert Bloch's "Almost Human."

Of course, science fiction on the printed page has developed and refined the robot concept to a new level. Isaac Asimov, a sort of Genius-of-all-Trades, developed

the "laws of robotics" with the help of editor John W. Campbell, which are supposed to protect Mankind from any harm at the hands of robots—but which seem to have a lot of legal loopholes which offer menace. Clifford Simak, Lester del Rey, Robert Heinlein, and many others including myself have written SF about robots

Outside of movies, books, radio and TV, robots do exist. Robots exist in the real world.

Back in the 16th Century, incredibly complex figures were made by master clock-makers—figures so complicated they could be made to turn around, sit down at a desk, and write a message on a sheet of paper. At the 1939 New York World's Fair, an electric man startled crowds—even as the figures of the American presidents do at Disneyland today.

The real wonders of science are the cybernetic calculators that can solve many problems for us, but that present us with other problems. One theory among some scientists today is that it is a natural part of evolution for machines to replace man. Man will not evolve into a superman. He will build supermachines and pass his thoughts, plans and dreams on to the supermachine.

We can say that human emotions like love and anger make us superior to any machine, but are we just whistling in the dark?

Maybe—just maybe—we saw it first in the movies. Perhaps the world of tomorrow belongs to Robby the Robot, Tabor the Great, and Gort. We may find out sooner than we expect.

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MONSTERSCOPE...MONSTERSCOPE...MONSTERSCOPE

by Ron Haydock



The attack of a monasaurus in *THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT*.

MONSTER ISLAND:

When Doug McClure and Bobby Parr looked up into the skies over a vast sand-and-stone quarry outside Littlewick Green, near Maidenhead in England, they didn't see a bird, a plane or even the ever-loving Hulk flying by. They saw a huge, frightening Pterodactyl, a giant prehistoric flying monster that had twin beady eyes, hungry gaping jaws, and an impressive forty foot wingspan.

Then they saw something even more alarming. They saw that the mammoth flying reptile had, in turn, spotted them down there on the ground, and was at that very moment turning in its flight, and swooping down at them—it's sharp talons clawing the air ferociously, and getting ready to snatch them up and carry them off to parts unknown.

It was certainly a perilous situation. But even though the horrible



Bobby Parr as Ahm (center)

creator of Tarzan of The Apes, John Carter of Mars, Dejah Thoris, Abarer Perry, David Innes, Pellucidar, Opar, and a host of many other legendary heroes, heroines and fabulous lost worlds.

Regardless, the sequence involving the Pterodactyl's vicious, plunging assault was thrilling enough to film because the horrible flying monster—although it wasn't a real live, flesh and blood flying monster—had been especially constructed 100 percent failure for the movie, and during the climax of the attack sequence, really did snap up Bobby Parr in its jaws, and then swoop off with him!

American International's *THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT* was produced by Max J. Rosenberg and Milton Subotsky, who previously have been making bigtime horror films like *TALES FROM THE CRYPT*, *THE HOUSE THAT DRIPPED BLOOD*, *ASYLUM*, *THE BEAST MUST DIE* and *MADHOUSE*. The new Burroughs film, however, has proven itself to be their most ambitious project to date, and by the time it was all over, ended up costing them some \$35 million dollars, mainly because of all the lost world special effects, dinosaurs and sets that had to be especially constructed and designed for the film.

Scripted by Michael Moorcock, the famous science fiction writer, and James Cawthorn, *THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT*, was directed by Kevin Connor, and stars Doug McClure as Burroughs' famous American adventurer, Bowes Tyler; with Susan Penhaligon as Lisa Clayton, an attractive biologist, John McEnery as Captain von Schoenvoerts, a German U-boat commander, and Bobby Parr as Ahm, one of the many primitive cavemen living on the lost world island of Caproni. The color picture tells what happens after Bowes Tyler and Lisa Clayton and other survivors

of a British Merchant ship, are torpedoed in the Atlantic by German submarine, the U-33, during the First World War.

Led by the intrepid Tyler, the survivors, under cover of a dense fog on the ocean, successfully capture the U-boat, its commander and crew, and then plunge into a series of harrowing sea adventures that include naval battles, mutinies and even counter-mutinies. Later though, with the U-33 partly damaged and running short of fuel, they discover they are drifting very far southwards, towards a vast, uncharted island where they suddenly, and surprisingly enough find themselves on a lost world inhabited by prehistoric men and monstrous animals that are supposed to have been extinct for millions of years: *Triceratops*, *Pterodactyl*, *Diplodocus*, *Plesiosaurus*, *Mosasaurus*, *Allosaurus*, and other mammoth dinosaurs.

They believe this fantastic island where time has stood still is the legendary island of Caproni, named for an Italian navigator who claimed first discovery of this strange, lost world more than two hundred years earlier. Up until this moment, however, nobody but Caproni ever believed the island really existed. But now, actually traveling across this amazing, volcanic island, which is as big as a sub-continent and completely guarded by towering cliffs that enclose a vast, danger-traited jungle interior, Bowes Tyler, Lisa Clayton, Captain von Schoenvoerts, and all the other survivors are faced with a fight that Caproni is not hardly a myth, but a stark reality—as they are forced to fight for their lives time and again, battling the many dangerous prehistoric monsters, savage cave people, and terrifying natural elements they find on the lost world island.

The climax of the film also gives them a bad time of it: a gigantic, volcanic upheaval that forces everybody, including the dinosaurs and cave people, to battle despera-

ly for their survival against a bubbling, boiling, lava-spewing holocaust that traps and threatens to tear the island completely apart.

Besides the imaginatively-created lost world island of Caproni itself, the dinosaur monsters you see in *THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT* are of particular interest because unlike dinosaurs in most other prehistoric movies, these dinosaurs were not brought to life on the screen via small, moveable models, filmed with the stop-frame



The crew comes ashore on the island of Caproni

animation process, as in Ray Harryhausen's *VALLEY OF THE GWANGI* (1968), or Willis O'Brien's *THE LOST WORLD* (1925) and *KING KONG* (1933). Nor were these dinosaurs real, live desert creatures that were photographed and then blown up on screen to huge proportions, as seen in *ONE MILLION B.C.*

Under the direction of Roger狄克森, who previously had worked on special effects for *WHEN DINOSAURS RULED THE EARTH* and *2001: A SPACE*

ODYSSEY

some of the dinosaur monsters on view in the Burroughs film were built full-sized, with parts like eyes, jaws, and claws being readily moveable. Others were built smaller, with men concealed in trenches running the models, still others were what is called "rod puppets," being manipulated from beneath the table-top set.

According to Maurice Carter, who designed the lost world of Caproni (and was also associated with *THE LADY VANISHES*, *BATTLE OF BRITAIN*, and *FROM BEYOND*

THE GRAVE

among others), the reason that live-action dinosaur models were used, rather than stop-motion animation or other trick effects, was that they felt using live-action monsters would add more realism to the film. In *Photos*, Carter said that stop-motion animation "can't do anything with hair or water, and the movements aren't smooth enough." With the live-action method, they realized they could show a dinosaur grabbing a real person and making off with him. Which is superior: live-action

SCOPE...MONSTERSCOPE...MONSTERSCOPE...MONSTER

MONSTERSCOPE...MONSTERSCOPE...MONSTERSCOPE.

dinosaurs, or stop-motion monsters?

The audience will have to decide.

The picture itself took more than a year to prepare, and beginning on February 27, 1974, sixteen weeks to shoot. The first eight weeks were mainly concerned with all the special effects sequences filmed at the sand-and-stone quarry at Littlewick Green, where Maurice Carter and construction manager Vic Simon had created a prehistoric cave dwellers' settlement, and an active volcano too. Nearly all the dinosaur sequences were also shot at Littlewick Green, including, of course, the sequence in which the Pterodactyl monster swoops down to dive at Doug McClure and Bobby Parr.

The rest of the film was shot at Shepperton Studios, on stage H, which is still the largest soundstage in Europe. It had originally been built by the late Sir Alexander Korda over in the London suburb of Isleworth, but later was completely dismantled and re-erected at Shepperton. Korda had built the stage to house the mammoth sets for his 1936 classic, *THINGS TO COME*, based on the famous novel by H. G. Wells, and starring Raymond Massey.

By flooding stage H with nearly a million gallons of water, the Amicus company transformed the huge stage into an inland sea, where the full-size U-33 World War One submarine was attacked by monstrous prehistoric beasts, like a giant Mosasaurus, and where the submarine itself was later finally destroyed in scalding, volcanic waters at the climax of the picture.

Edgar Rice Burroughs wrote *The Land That Time Forgot* in 1924, and the book is actually the first story in a trilogy about the lost island of Caprona. The other tales are *The People That Time Forgot* and *Our of Time's Abyss*, in which adventurer Bowen Tyler continues his explorations of Caprona and discovers many more startling wonders, and inhabitants—who, at the



The Phantom of the Paradise

southern end of Caprona are in a very primitive stage of development, but as you trek northwards across the island, become progressively more advanced and intelligent.

Burroughs' concept of Caprona was really a kind of biological record of Earth's history of evolution.

Robert M. Hoes, the vice-president and general manager of Edgar Rice Burroughs Inc., which is located in Tarzana, California, only an ape call away from the Hollywood-based Bulleit of MONSTERS OF THE MOVIES, was very pleased with the Amicus screen version of *THE LAND*

THAT TIME FORGOT, and said it was the very first Edgar Rice Burroughs film he'd ever seen that not only adhered to the original story, but that really captured and conveyed the true spirit of Burroughs.

The Burroughs company, which controls the rights to any and all of the many different characters created by Burroughs, who died in 1949, invested a lot of their own money in the production, and they were, in fact, so impressed with the way it had been made, that they're planning to make more new Burroughs films with Amicus.

Immediately, they have plans for *AT THE EARTH'S CORE*, a David Innes adventure which they figure will cost some five million dollars to film effectively. Other plans include filming Burroughs' *Venom and Moon* books, and to make a screen version of *Tarzan of the Apes* exactly as Burroughs had written it. Hoes' own personal, ultimate aim, however, is to take the first three *John Carter of Mars* novels, adapt them into a single script, and make a film of it. And that big project, he figures, should cost somewhere around eight million dollars!

Meanwhile though, the thing to remember is *THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT*.

THE PHANTOM OF THE PARADISE:

Generally speaking, movie monsters always have a rough time of it. During the course of any film, they're liable to be set upon by angry villagers carrying torches, riddled with gunfire from daring heroes who don't want them to claim the beautiful heroine for their own, or among other inconvincences, bombarded with nuclear holocaust by the Army, Navy, Marines or all three.

The Phantom of the Paradise, however, has had more than its own share of troubles for a movie monster. Besides all the terrors he's had to undergo in his new 20th Century-Fox release, *The Phantom of the Paradise* was set upon by at



The Phantom company

least two other unfriendly factions—Universal Pictures and the King Features Syndicate.

These two giant companies aren't the usual sort of menace a movie monster might expect to confront him, but they did, and the obstacles they set up for *The Phantom* were certainly real enough. In fact, in many ways, their threats were even more dangerous to this movie monster than any that might have come from irate villagers, a resourceful hero or the combined might of the United States Armed Forces.

The Phantom of the Paradise is a new, rock-musical version of the classic story *The Phantom of the Opera*, previously filmed with Lon Chaney Sr. in 1925, Claude Rains in 1943, and Herbert Lom in 1964. The new *Phantom*, William Finley, who plays Winslow Leach, a mild-mannered rock composer who writes an epic rock cantata that is soon enough stolen from him by Swan, an evil record tycoon played by real life songwriter Paul Williams. Swan, unscrupulous as they come, plans using the rock cantata as the opening show for his brand new *Paradise Theatre*.

Invading Swan's opulent mansion to get to the bottom of the matter, Winslow Leach is only thrown out once again. Then, enlisting the aid of the police to help him, Leach discovers to his surprise that Swan has cleverly planted drugs on him. And when the police themselves discover this, they beat Leach, and send him

to prison, where Leach begins plotting his revenge against the infamous music tycoon.

After escaping from prison through the laundry room, Leach breaks into Swan's recording plant to cause mayhem. Unfortunately though, his head gets caught in a record pressing machine and is horribly squashed. Worse yet, he is shot at by security guards and winds up jumping into the river to save himself.

Swan and everybody else, however, think Leach is dead now. But still very much alive and more furious than ever, Leach has made his way into the *Paradise Theatre* where he does a weird, metal bird-like mask to hide his mangled face and head—and now he becomes *The Phantom of the Paradise*.

From a vantage point high up in the eaves of the theatre, *The Phantom* continues plotting mad revenge against Swan, and becomes even more enraged than ever before by watching his cantata in rehearsal and seeing how terribly Swan has bastardized his great work. Too, the starring role has now gone to Bed, a gay glitter rock singer played by Gerrit Graham. Originally, Swan had promised Leach that the role would go to a girl named Phoebus, played by Jessica Harper. Leach had been thrilled by the girl's stunning singing voice.

Haunting the theatre, *The Phantom* effectively turns Swan's hand, but in the end, Swan again is untrue to his word. The *Phantom* feels that he has no choice but to turn Bed's debut into a real horror show—by electrocuting Bed right on stage, directly in front of a thrill packed audience that thinks Bed's electrocution is all part of the show.

Later, Swan persuades Phoebus to marry him in a ceremony that also takes place on stage, and once again *The Phantom of the Paradise* strikes monstrously.

The climax of the color horror musical features the irate *Phantom*



Paul Williams as Swan

SCOPE...MONSTERSCOPE...MONSTERSCOPE...MONSTERSCOPE

MONSTERSCOPE...MONSTERSCOPE...MONSTERSCOPE



Michael Dunn in *MUTATIONS*

turning the onstage wedding into a gruesome blood bath.

The *Phantom of the Paradise* suffered many great ordeals because of the unscrupulous music tycoon Swar, of course, but shortly before 20th Century-Fox was set to release the film, *The Phantom* was struck by other woes too. Universal Pictures and the King Features Syndicate both pursued of *The Phantom*, and for awhile there, looked like the only place *The Phantom's* movie was going to be shown was in writer-director Brian De Palma's private screening room.

Originally, the rock musical had been titled *THE PHANTOM OF THE ROCK OPERA*, and that was when Universal stepped into the picture with a legal claim that Pressman-Williams, the company that produced the film, had not secured a necessary copyright permission from Universal to film their new *Phantom* movie. The studio claimed that it owned the title and story, having previously released the first three film versions of *The Phantom of the Opera*. So Fox's distribution of the Musical *Phantom* was then held up while the matter was gone over by attorneys.

The upshot of the legal hassle was that since the original story of *The Phantom of the Opera*, written by Gaston Leroux, was not owned by Universal, but was actually in the public domain, that anybody could make a version of the story. Nobody could make a new version of any of Universal's *Phantom* scripts, however. But since Pressman-Williams hadn't, the matter seemed settled. Fox could release the film without fear of Universal litigation reprimand.

To play it even safer though, the title of the movie was changed from *The Phantom of the Rock Opera* to simply *Phantom*—and that was when, unexpectedly, the King Features Syndicate stepped in to further add to *The Phantom's* troubles.

King Features claimed the studio could not release the film under the title *Phantom* because they owned a copyrighted comic strip character called *The Phantom*. Once more, then, distribution was delayed while attorneys got together and discussed the problem. The outcome here was that Fox simply changed the title again, this time to *The Phantom of the Paradise*, named after a fictional theatre nobody owned. At one point though, Pressman-Williams was thinking about calling their film *The Phantom of the Fillmore*, named after the famous rock theatre in New York City.

But when rumblings came back that the Marimont brothers, who owned the Fillmore, might also come forward with a legal argument, the idea was abandoned.

FREAK CIRCUS:

Dr. Frankenstein may have created the greatest monster of all time, but in *Mutations*, in his secret laboratory at his isolated mansion in the countryside near Bray, Maidenhead, in England, Dr. Nolter was experimenting with some frightening monsters of his own. Not that he wanted to create monsters though. Dr. Nolter's horrible plant-

monsters were merely experiments that had gone wrong.

Take *The Lizard Woman of Tibet*, for example. Today she was appearing under that name at the carnival park freak show in London, but originally she had been quite a beautiful girl named Bridget, for whom Dr. Nolter had great plans.

Kidnapped by Lynch—the co-owner of the freak show, and a giant of a man who was grotesquely deformed by some inherent glandular activity—Bridget had been brought to Nolter's laboratory farm to serve him as another human guinea pig in his endless, fanatic experiments to bridge the gap between man and plant, and create a brand new hybrid life form. Because of the world's increasingly changing ecology, Nolter believed that mankind could only survive in the future if he were cross-bred with plants. Nolter had, in fact, lectured on this very topic many times in his science class. Bridget had been one of his students. Now though, the unfortunate girl was only one of his twisted-scientist experimental failures—*The Lizard Woman*.

The Venus Fly Trap Monster was another horrible scientific failure for the mad scientist, Nolter. Previously, the towering, macabre Fly Trap Monster that could still



The human pincushion

walk, talk and think like a human being, was a young fellow named Tony, who was also one of Dr. Nolter's students at the university. But it was just as well that Tony ended up in Nolter's laboratory, the scientist decided. Tony had been getting much too suspicious of the deformed giant Lynch and the dwarf Burns, who together owned the carnival park freak show and also supplied Nolter with his human guinea pigs. Tony was beginning to suspect Lynch and Burns were up to no good, that in some way they were responsible for Bridget's sudden, mysterious disappearance from the face of the earth.

Too bad though, Nolter thought, that Tony, now a Fly Trap Monster, had escaped from his laboratory. It wasn't good to have any of his scientific failures roaming loose around the countryside. Someone might see them, and Nolter didn't want any publicity. That's why, whenever he failed with another experimental subject, he always had the monstrosities herded over to the carnival freak show. There, the plant monsters wouldn't be out of place. They would, in fact, be highlights of the show. Strange, new curiosities for ever-hungry, thrill seeking audiences.

Lynch and Burns always explained Nolter's monster freaks by saying they had simply found them in some remote, god-forsaken area in the world. Of course, the real freaks of the show—people like Pop-eye, who could project his eyes by nearly an inch, Esther the Alligator-skin girl, Felix the Frog Boy, O.T. the Human Pincushion, Madge the Monkey Woman, Lesley the Skanky Lady, and all the others—didn't like these science-created monsters added to the program, but so what? Lynch and Burns were the owners of the freak show, and what they said, went. And likewise, what Dr. Nolter told Lynch and Burns also remained law.

The carnival park freak show in London was the perfect place to hide all his monstrous failures, and the

crazed scientist knew it. But it was too bad *The Fly Trap Monster* had escaped from him.

Lynch had better catch the walking horror. ***

Dr. Nolter gazed down at his latest human guinea pig. Her name was Hedi, and at the moment she was strapped down naked on his long, laboratory table, terrifyingly awaiting his next mad experiment.

Hedi was Tony the Fly Trap Monster's girlfriend until the day he mysteriously disappeared, and like Tony and Bridget, Hedi too was one of Dr. Nolter's students. Unknown to Nolter though, Tony, in his horrendous new guise as a Fly Trap Monster, had called Hedi up on the phone and told her as best he could what had happened to him. Hedi had written the information down on a piece of paper. But then, Lynch, searching for Tony, found Hedi instead and kidnapped her. Lynch worked for Nolter because he hoped that one day the scientist would find some cure for his deformity.



The man-plant mutant in *MUTATIONS*

Now Hedi's life was in Nolter's twisted hands. There was abominable horror written in her eyes, but Nolter had long ago grown used to seeing such frightened looks in his victims. Hedi was merely another test subject for him. Perhaps, though, the girl would prove a successful experiment for him, become the mother-hybrid of his great work. Nolter certainly hoped so!

Anxiously, the mad scientist set about to begin his experiments on Hedi. But before he could even get started, there was suddenly a roaring crash in his weird laboratory, and shocked, Nolter saw *The Venus Fly Trap Monster* smashing inside! Tony was coming back to save his girl from horrible experimental

Frankly, Nolter tried to destroy the lurching monster, but it was just no use. The horror monster was not about to be stopped until he had exacted his revenge on Nolter, and in the ensuing climactic struggle for life and death, Nolter and *The Fly Trap Monster* accidentally started a fire

OPERA...MONSTERSCOPE...MONSTERSCOPE...MONSTERSCOPE

MONSTERSCOPE...MONSTERSCOPE...MONSTERSCOPE...



Jerry Cornelius (Jor Finch).

going, right there in the laboratory. The blouse roared up around them!

Hedi screamed again. Then Brian, another of Nolter's students, burst into the flaming room and quickly freed the trapped girl, while Nolter and the hideous plant monster continued waging their bestial battle. Brian had found the note Hedi had written down from Tony the Fly Trap Monster's phone call and come racing over to Nolter's isolated mansion near Bray. Out on the grounds, he had passed Burns and members of the freak show who had now turned on Lynch, come here to the house and were cloudbusting in around Lynch, to destroy him.

Brian and Hedi raced out of the laboratory, escaping the roaring flames. Behind them, however, Nolter and the Fly Trap Monster were trapped. The fire raged up around them, consuming them, even as Tony, just like the giant Venus Fly Trap that he was, snatched the mad scientist up in his clawing grasp and drained him of all his blood!

Then, scant moments later, Dr. Nolter, The Venus Fly Trap Monster and all of Nolter's twisted scienc-

laboratory farm blazed up in a final roar of searing holocaust.

Nolter's dreams for scientific glory all went up in smoke.

It was a fitting end for Dr. Nolter, one of the screen's most brilliantly twisted, mad doctors!

Columbia Pictures' *Mutantos*, released in 1974, was produced by Robert D. Weinbach, directed by Jack Cardiff and written by Weinbach and Edward Mant. Starring Donald Pleasance as mad Dr. Nolter, *Mutantos* featured Tom Baker as Lynch, Julie Ege as Hedi, Brad Harris as Brian, Olga Anthony as Bridget, and Scott Antony as Tony. Michael Dunn played Burns, the dwarf, and the other members of the carnival freak show were not movie actors but real, authentic freaks including Willie Ingram, the



A negelab of the future from LAST DAYS

pop-eyed man, Esther Blackman, the alligator girl, Felix Duarte, the Frog Boy, Fay Burn, the Bearded Lady, O.T., the Human Pinhead, Lesley Rose, the Skinny Lady, and among others, Hugh Bailey, the man whose body had become so shaped that he was called The Pretzel Man because of how he could twist himself around so much.

According to producer Weinbach, it was his intention to cast real, authentic freaks in what is otherwise an imaginative, and scientist type horror film, to show the strange ways the human body can be structured by Nature. This would contrast, then, with the mad experiments of Dr. Nolter, who was creating his own evolutions. The madness of Nolter's experiments aside though, Weinbach said he believed that with the tremendous advances in science these days, that it's conceivable that within our own lifetime it'll be possible to create our own mutations. Weinbach wanted to make *Mutantos* to show how easily scientific advancement could take a wrong turn if placed in the wrong hands. The navigator must be sane, otherwise you have someone like Dr. Nolter and all his horrible mutant plant monsters.

Mutantos wasn't Weinbach's first weird film. Previously, he filmed *Hallucination* with George Montgomery, one of the first films to explore the effects of LSD, and *Caution of Blood*, one of Boris Karloff's last films. Karloff, of course, starred in many films about mad scientists and was himself, on screen, the infamous result of Dr. Frankenstein's own journeys into unbalanced, scientific exploration.

On the whole, Weinbach's *Mutantos* was much more successful as a science-horror thriller than Dr. Nolter was in creating new, hybrid life forms. Dr. Nolter kept failing in his experiments and instead, made all those horrible plant monsters.

But that's just as well, of course. Because if Dr. Nolter hadn't failed time and again, there would never have been any monsters in the movie.

And that would never do.

THE LAST DAYS OF MAN ON EARTH:

Beyond doubt, it's one of the strangest ideas to ever hit the screen.

It's got world catastrophe, an Ultimate Computer working out an immortality project, a dedicated lady scientist with an unusual goal, running gun battles with needle-guns, and even a house that's ingeniously rigged up with scientific death traps.

Provocative, relevant, and nearly self-parodying, it's a new science fiction and fantasy epic film called *LAST DAYS OF MAN ON EARTH*, and it's based on *The Final Program*, a best selling novel by

his scientist father, in Lagland. There, with world civilization collapsing into decadence and great disorder, Cornelius recalls a conversation he had with Professor Hira (Hugh Griffith), in Cambodia, when the far-famed physician was predicting that the world as we know it was going to come to an irrecoverable end within the next year—but that the coming end would also mean the spiritual "liberation" of mankind, and perhaps the birth of a new Messiah.

Then Jerry Cornelius meets the beautiful Miss Brunner (Jerry Runacre), and her team of scientists and doctors. They want Cornelius' help in obtaining a microfilm of an



Great predictions of the LAST DAYS OF MAN ON EARTH

Michael Moorcock, a writer of no little fame or following.

LAST DAYS OF MAN ON EARTH, which is being distributed in America by Roger Corman's New World Pictures, stars Jon Finch as Moorcock's Nobel Prize-winning adventurer, Jerry Cornelius, who gets an asking of strange things to come when he goes to the funeral of

experiment Cornelius' father had been working on when he died. The microfilm, they say, is a vital part of an immortality project in which they've all been involved. An immortality project that will, in fact, give credence to Professor Hira's prediction about the coming birth of a New World Messiah.

Cornelius agrees to help them, but

SCOPE...MONSTERSCOPE...MONSTERSCOPE...MONSTER

MONSTERSCOPE... MONSTERSCOPE... MONSTERSCOPE...



Cornelius dashes out in an underground fortress.

when they arrive at his father's home in England, where the precious microfilm is safely locked away in a vault, they meet up with some very dangerous obstacles.

For one thing, the house has become a terrifying nightmare, with almost every single entrance and corridor booby-trapped with ingenious scientific death traps. For another, there's Cornelius' own brother Frank (Derrick O'Connor), who has become a dope addict, and who's also been injecting their sister Catherine (Sarah Douglas) with narcotics.

As a result of these drug injections, Catherine has become catatonic, while Frank Cornelius himself has become something of a massiac.

Battling his own brother in a furious needle-gun fight, Jerry Cornelius is wounded, but shortly recovers, thanks to Miss Brunner's knowledgeable assistance. Then, picking up brother Frank's escape trail, Jerry Cornelius follows Frank to Turkey, where Frank is trying to sell the microfilm he stole to Dr Baxter (Patrick Magee), who had previously worked with Cornelius' scientist father.

Brother Frank tries to kill Jerry again, but during the running gun battle, Frank himself is killed, and Jerry turns the microfilm over to Miss Brunner—who, with her scientific associate, takes Cornelius to a startling, mind-boggling, huge cavern laboratory back in Lapland, where the Nobel Prize-winning adventurer comes face to face with

The Ultimate Computer.

Explaining the immortality project, Miss Brunner points out to Jerry Cornelius a sizable number of glass tanks filled with preserving fluid, where the disembodied brains of the world's greatest intellects are being stored.

The brains of these great men and women are linked up to The Ultimate Computer, Miss Brunner says, and are feeding the sum total of all human knowledge into that amazing machine. All this knowledge, she says, will then be programmed into the minds of two people. In turn then, these two human beings—one man, and one woman—will be scientifically combined to produce one single all-purpose being: a self-reproducing, self-regenerating Immortal—a Messiah

born of an Age of Science.

Then Miss Brunner reveals yet another startling piece of information to Jerry Cornelius.

Originally, she herself was going to become the female factor in this greatest of all scientific programs, and fuse with her chauffeur. But now that Jerry Cornelius has come into the picture, she has decided to shoot the chauffeur, and instead, fuse with Jerry Cornelius himself.

She offers Cornelius the role of the male factor in The Final Program, and Cornelius accepts

The scientific group begins the great experiment, melting Jerry

Cornelius and Miss Brunner into one single immortal, but unfortunately, the staggering amount of power required in this ultimate program kills all the scientists there in the cavern laboratory. The big experiment, though, is programmed through, and achieved—resulting in an Immortal Being whose appearance is a rather surprising climax, and shouldn't be revealed to you in *MONSTERS OF THE MOVIES*, but right up there on the big color screen at your favorite movie emporium

LAST DAYS OF MAN ON EARTH was produced by John Goldstone and Sandy Lieberson, and

directed by Robert Fuest, who also wrote the screenplay from Michael Moorcock's novel. Previously, Fuest directed the DR. PHIBES films, with Vincent Price.

Graham Crowden, George Coulouris and Basil Henson are featured as Miss Brunner's trio of dedicated scientists, and *LAST DAYS OF MAN ON EARTH* also spotlights cameo appearances by Sterling Hayden as Major Wroogway Lindbergh, and Julie Ege as a hip mod chick—Michael Moorcock's bizarre world of the future where mortal destruction is imminent, and the Ultimate Computer's Final Program is only hope for Tomorrow.

FIN



Cornelius and Miss Brunner—programmed for the final program

MONSTERSCOPE... MONSTERSCOPE... MONSTERSCOPE...

POLANSKI TIMES TWO



VAMPIRE KILLING FOR FUN AND PROFIT

by Doug Moench

There's a receptacle inside me which contains all sorts of Good Stuff. It's a balloon, swelled with vivid carnal hues, and it's suspended somewhere around my sixth rib square dab in the center of my chest.

It's a balloon crammed with all the joy and happiness and squirming excitement and enthusiasm and wriggling wonderment I've ever known or come close to knowing or will ever get to know.

Once in a great while on very rare and special occasions (even rarer and more special these days), this brilliant balloon swells. It just expands, stretching to the bursting point, and it takes my chest along with it. Then I get this tremendous streaming sensation right

there in my chest and it branches out and courses through all my capillary-conduits and plumbing fixtures and it fills my whole body until my fingers and toes tickle from the strain of holding all that happiness and excitement inside.

It's quite a feeling. It really is. The other day I was requested to write an article for MONSTERS OF THE MOVIES. When I learned the article was to be about Roman Polanski's *The Fearless Vampire Killers*, the carnal-colored balloon expanded like amphetamine-faced yeast until it exploded and all that joy and excitement and enthusiasm literally flooded out, lighting up my eyeballs like TILT flashers on a neon-lit polychromatic pinball machine.

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AND A CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM

by Chris Claremont & Doug Moench

It begins.

Gently, a young woman's voice quietly sings a wordless ballad, a love ballad, the kind a mother might absently hum to her new born child. A celebration of this life she's just brought into the world.

Casually, so casually, the camera pans around Central Park, an eye moving off the late-summer green of the Sheep Meadow and onto the massive, stately apartment houses that line Central Park West. These are houses of character, and of tradition, both qualities sadly lacking in the fifty-story glass-and-steel monoliths that line Sixth Avenue and form the sterile core of modern New York.

And then, finally, the camera focuses in on one house

in particular, and a young couple about to become its latest tenants.

The house is the Bramford; and it is a very old house, rich in tradition. Tradition that has given it the nickname, *Black Bramford*. People have died here often, it seems, and in rather macabre ways.

The young couple are Guy and Rosemary Woodhouse, he a struggling actor, she an emigre from Omaha, come to the Big Apple to seek fame, fortune and to get the hell away from a home life that seemed to be choking her to death. They are happily married.

The film is, of course, *Rosemary's Baby*. Produced by William Castle, with direction and screenplay by Roman Polanski; the film based on Ira Levin's best-selling novel (Continued on page 55)

VAMPIRE KILLING FOR FUN AND PROFIT

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and piping calliope music curled from my ears in bright streamers which wrapped my head in rainbows of wow. I'm still scratching my fingers and toes.

I suppose what I'm trying to say is that *The Fearless Vampire Killers* is my favorite movie of all time, and I don't care what time it is or is going to be. I'm going to use this time right now to tell you why the movie burns a candy-cane candle in my brain.

First of all, Roman Polanski is perhaps the most meticulous craftsman working within the medium of film, bar none. He possesses an impossibly comprehensive understanding of nearly every technical and mechanical facet of film-making extant. If the soundman says, "No, Roman, we just can't get that kind of sound effect; it's simply impossible," Polanski will rattle off a mind-boggling list of special recorders, speakers, synthesizers and other esoteric sound appurtenances, followed by explicit instructions on how to rewire, rethread and otherwise cannibalize the equipment to facilitate that certain special sound he wants. He's been known to grab the hammer out of a set-constructor's hand if he didn't like the way a specific nail was being pounded in; and when he himself drives that nail in, somehow it constitutes a noticeable improvement.

Polanski's "gestalt-prolificacy" is not, however, restricted to the technical side of film-making. He is just as meticulous and painstaking, if no more so, when it comes to the esthetics of the film's theme. All of his films are elaborately structured wholes, reminiscent of the best classical music, with solid motifs and perfectly timed reprises, building crescendos, and satisfying denouements. His work is lyrically immaculate, glossed in a patina of gleaming beauty . . . even though he dwells most often on the morbid and the ugly, the darker shades of human nature.

For these reasons, Polanski is both highly respected by the critics and considered a colossal pain in the ass by his colleagues. He may be difficult to work with, but the work justifies his methods whether you call him a prima donna or just plain picky. Detail, and attention to every detail, is crucial to his style and the unequalled success of his films. He truly cares about every little thing, and it's potentially manifested in the finished product, whether you stop to analyze every little thing or merely view the complete whole from a muzzy distance.

Polanski's films, however, are not unanimously acclaimed. *The Fearless Vampire Killers* is considered by some critics to be the one weak link in the director's virtually unbroken chain of brilliant films. My (conflicting) nomination for that opprobrious position, oddly enough, is *Rosemary's Baby* and, conversely, *Vampire Killers* is my candidate for Polanski's uninvited tour-de-force. And the incredible thing about it is that I've seen only the expurgated American version, a prime from which some nine crucial minutes were excised by Producer Martin Ransohoff, resulting in Polanski's disgusted request that his name be removed from the credits. Would that I could see the intact version—the one which pleased stickler Polanski!

The deletion of nine minutes is not the only discrepancy between the British and American prints; Ransohoff

further redubbed the voices and changed the title. Originally titled *The Vampire Killers*, the film was subsequently released in Britain as *Dance of the Vampires* (an allusion to the film's key score), and by the time Ransohoff got his hands in the works, it had transformed to *The Fearless Vampire Killers* with a puerile subtitle of *Pardon Me, But Your Teeth Are Stuck in My Neck, Slobbe, ch wot!*

But let us not dwell so long on the depressing aspects of the film. On the bright side, the screenplay was written by Polanski himself, starred Polanski, and of course directed by him. Photography was engineered by Douglas Slocombe, a cameraman Polanski regularly employs with good reason. Jack MacGowran, another Polanski semi-regular (with a previous part in *Cul-de-Sac*), played Professor Abromius to perfection. Ferdy Mayne is excellent as the suave vampire Count von Krolock. Alfie Bass appropriately biatrics as Shagal, Ian Quarier darkly unsettling as the homosexual vampire Heribert, and Shatres Tate consummately virtuous and innocent as Sarah. (Polanski and Tate married soon after meeting on the set of *Vampire Killers*. Tragedy subsequently ended Ms. Tate's life.)

The Vampire Killers, released in 1967, is a parody of the vampire genre which not only contains moments of

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AND A CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM

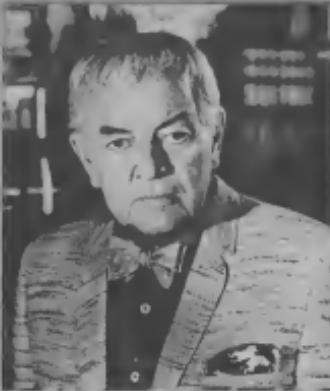
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of the same name

And, as everyone knows, it's about Satanism, and how Rosemary gets sold down the river by her "loving" husband—she bears Satan's son, the husband becomes an overnight success—and how Rosemary deals with the whole muddle.

Or is it?

The book was a big hit, on the New York Times best-seller list for months; everyone read it and it looked like everyone loved it. *Rosemary's Baby* was the first really good, literate satanic/gothic/horror novel to hit the American public since Shirley Jackson's, *The Haunting of Hill House* and the resultant acclaim has inspired God-knows-how-many sequels (all you have to do is wander through any bookstore nowadays and you can see the results cluttering the shelves: *The Exorcist*, *The Other, Harvest Home, Raga Sis, Lady Sativa*, etc.) It was a tour de force Levin hasn't equalled since this latest. *The Stepford Wives*, was a good try—and very popular, but it was nowhere near as good!



The film adaptation was supposed to be a big hit. It had everything going for it. A producer who'd given America some of the best—and worst—horror films of the 1950's. A director who was one of the brightest lights of the Polish "New Wave" cinema of the early-sixties. A good budget, good production, excellent score; and a very good cast. Mia Farrow as Rosemary, John Cassavetes as Guy, Maurice Evans as Hatch, Ruth Gordon as Minnie Casavetes, Sydney Blauner as Roman Casavetes and Ralph Bellamy as Abe Saperstein.

It should have been great. And yet, to many people, it was a dud. Or, at best, a lot less than they'd hoped for.

Which leaves us with two questions: was it? And, if it was a dud, why?

Was it a dud? Well, at the risk of getting blown off the page that depends; a lot of the critics didn't like it. They complained of shallow characterizations, lack of suspense, a kind of glossy superficiality over the whole film that pushed the viewer away from what was going on. Rosemary didn't seem like a real person so why the hell should we care what happens to her and her kid? The pace certainly wasn't fast enough to support one's interest on its own. The complaints could be boiled down to one sentence: it wasn't as good as the book.

Which has merits. Take characterizations, for instance. Rosemary's, in particular. The book, and the film, are about Rosemary and her first pregnancy. In the film, she gets doped by her husband, raped by a demon and, finally, her kid gets abducted by these Satanist crazies who live next door. It's all there in glorious, living technicolor. And that is the sum-and-substance of *Rosemary's Baby*.

Not so in the book. Our Rosemary is a real—or, rather, more real—person on the printed page. She's from Omaha, the youngest of six children and, when she left home for New York, she ripped open a chain between herself and her family that was made unbridgeable worse when she married Guy—you see, she was born and raised Catholic; Guy wasn't Catholic, their

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VAMPIRE KILLING FOR FUN AND PROFIT

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true terror but which also manages to be more innovative and original within the ambiguously defined parameters of the vampire mythos than the target film it so effectively lampoons. It is a clear, albeit curious, case of a parody transcending the subject it satirizes.

Told in fairy-tale-like simplicity and clarity, its basic plot framework is couched in a rich plethora of complex perceptions and astute statements on the nature of human folklore and superstition. And for those of you who detest such analytical expositations, it's a sheer orgy of fun for the senses and emotions.

The plot is not at all important to the film (Professor and bungling assistant set out to kill vampires, think they've succeeded, but really haven't). Rather, it is the skill with which each vignette within the plot is executed, and the comic "bits" stuffed into each vignette, which comprise the real attractions of *Vampire Killers*. We

come to love the characters of Abrossas and Alfred (Polanski), and wish we were up there on the screen with them, partaking in this most fantastic adventure. The sets, especially the castle interiors and the inn, are so breathtakingly gorgeous and atmospheric that we want to be there—to fill the rooms with our awed presence. We want to walk alongside the absentminded, perpetually distracted professor, to indulge his wonderful eccentricities and idiosyncrasies in precisely the same manner Alfred does. We'd just love to know these people, much in the same way we'd want to know Sherlock Holmes and Watson. We want to visit that inn and that castle, just as we'd want to visit 221B Baker Street and traverse the fogbound cobbles of old London.

We'd even want to know Count von Krolock, played by Ferdy Mayne, the most sinister and imposing vampire of them all. More Continental than Christopher Lee, yet conveying the impression that animal ferocity and brutality is entirely within his capabilities, the Count is an instantly classic characterization, simultaneously a caricature of the archetypal vampire and a model for serious future reference.

Vampire Killers repeatedly captures a lost essence of

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AND A CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM

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wedding was civil, not religious, and, to top it off, Guy's mother was twice-divorced and her third husband was a Jew. Definitely. Not Acceptable; as, now, was Rosemary. So, except for her husband, and a few friends in the City, Rosemary was alone.

Alone, and a bit neurotic. Guilty about falling away from the religion of her youth, guilty about leaving her family, guilty about the estrangement that leaving caused, worried, as the book moves on, about her husband's sudden pre-occupations with everything but her, frightened, as her baby begins growing quite differently than it's supposed to, frightened when everyone around her—Guy, the Castevets, her obstetrician—takes her agony in their stride while her married friends who've had kids hit the roof with shock, amazement, and horror. Frightened, when Hatch mysteriously dies—after losing a glove at her apartment—when she finds that the rival for a big part Guy was up for mysteriously going blind after exchanging ties with Guy.

Rosemary becomes convinced that the people around her are witches, and that they are after her baby—God knows why, though she believes it's for a sacrifice—this realization makes her a bit paranoid and, just as she starts into labor, she slips out. And the bad guys get the baby.

Through all this, Levin encloses Rosemary in a *real* world, the summer of 1965 through the summer of 1966. She goes to places New Yorkers go to, does things we do, sees the plays we saw, bitchies about the newspaper strike, gets excited about the Pope's visit—John Lindsay is Rosemary's man, Bill Buckley is Minnie Castevet's—Levin creates an illusion of plausibility about what's taking place that gives the book an almost documentary feel; many of the things mentioned *did* happen, so why not the rest of it?

The film *Rosemary* is Mia Farrow, bound by a two-hour time frame to what-is-happening-Now! What

happened before the film started is, in a sense, immaterial because we never see it. Levin can take a paragraph to write about Rosemary's early adventures in New York, but the film can't take time out to show them. This leaves the writer with the problem of how to establish an old relationship in terms of Now. The classic example of the right way to do this is an early scene in John Ford's classic, *The Searchers*. John Wayne has just ridden back to his brother's ranch after the Civil War, he dumps his coat inside; a little later on, while Ward Bond is sipping coffee, he spots Wayne's sister-in-law out of the corner of his eye. She is holding Wayne's coat, smoothing it oh-so-gently as she folds it and puts it away for safe-keeping. The camera cuts from Bond to the woman, then back to Bond; and in those three shots, Ford has established Wayne as a man in love with his brother's wife, as she is with him.

Polaranski doesn't do this. All we know of Rosemary is what we see on the screen and that turns out to be precious little; given a brilliant actress, the part might have been fleshed out enough to make the character a person, one the audience could empathize with and care for. But all Ms Farrow gives us is what's in the script, nothing more, nothing less, and that leaves Rosemary your typical young-woman-caught-in-the-grip-of-demonic-forces-beyond-her-control. In a *Dracula* flick, that's okay, because you're not supposed to care all that much, just settle back and have a good time; here, it makes Rosemary two-dimensional and uninteresting, and, with Rosemary tototaled, the film hasn't got a chance.

The same goes for the rest of the cast. The only other relatively fleshed out character in the book is Hatch, and—because of Maurice Evans' acting skill—he is also one of the more interesting characters in the film. You know his feelings towards Rosemary, and that's all that matters. As for Guy he's a mean snake-in-the-grass little bastard in the book and John Cassavetes plays him the same way in the film. The same goes for Minnie and Roman; they're played as clichéd on screen as on paper.

So, we come back, in the end, to Rosemary. As we said, without her, without the audience believing in her and caring about what happens to her, the film is a drag. As written, she is young, highstrung, neurotic, warm, gentle, loving, innocent: very screwed up but trying to cope with herself and life all the same. As filmed, she is cold, uninvolved, shallow, and very unsympathetic. You just don't care...

Which brings us to the second biggest departure the film makes from the book: and, if flaws there be, this is *numero uno*. In the book, the reader is presented with two choices: Rosemary is either in the grip of Satanic forces OR Rosemary is round-the-bend, cuckoo, off-the-tree. Irreconcilable. Levin makes no judgment between the two. All he gives you are facts and Rosemary's state of mind, which becomes decidedly more unbalanced as the book moves on. Was she raped by a demon? Who can say, it might have been a dream. Donald Baugart's convenient blindness may just have been coincidence, as was Hatch's death, as was Guy's sudden success. The people next door are strange, but are their beliefs real? Who can say? Nothing Satanic ever happens, you see, it all appears as a vague memory or the scrap of a half-remembered dream. The rape could be explained as a weirdo reaction to one of the esoteric herbs Minnie put in the chocolate mousse.

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VAMPIRE KILLING FOR FUN AND PROFIT

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excitement all of us have experienced in youth. It is a film which more than any other has a total personality, a charisma and charm which extends from the rich colors of its photography through the atmospheric sets and right on down to each individual character. There is no doubt in our minds that Polanski had a ball not only making this film, but starring in it as well. Director of photography Douglas Slocombe has said: "I think Roman put more of himself into *The Vampire Killers* than any other film. It brought to light the fairy-tale interest he has. One was conscious all along when making the picture of a Central European background to the story. Very few of the crew could see anything in it—they thought it old-fashioned nonsense. But I could see this background. It reminded me of any country, even France. Paris loved it. I have a French background myself, and could sense the Central European atmosphere that surrounds the picture. The figure of Alfred is very much like Roman himself—a slight figure, young and a little defenseless—a touch of Kafka. It is very much a personal statement of his own humor. He used to chuckle all the way through."

I've mentioned Sherlock Holmes and Watson. Perhaps better analogies for Professor Abronsius and Alfred would be Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, the misguided alraist with his head in the clouds riding off to slay the windmill-dragon while his obedient servant and companion, not quite comprehending all this, follows obligingly, blindly, trusting his master's judgment to the ridiculous end.

Sharon Tate as Sarah is the dazzling damsel in distress who has captured young Alfred's heart and, now abducted by the fiendish vampires, instilled new purpose in this quest to eradicate evil.

Humorous bits thread the film like graphic versions of Groucho and Chico one-liners. Shagal, the Jewish innkeeper now transformed into a vampire, gets a Christian crucifix thrust in his face by his prospective victim; he grim and says: "Oy vey, have you got the wrong vampire!" A coffin is used as a sled to pursue our fleeing heroes down the snow-blanketed mountainslopes, and a more respectful homage to the split-second timing employed in silent movie car chases has never been paid. Alfred, smitten with love for Sarah to the exclusion of all else, is confronted by a homosexual vampire; a book on lovemaking techniques is wedged between the gay vamp's snapping fangs. The climactic ballroom scene, in which the assembled vampires dance a minuet to the haunting strains of a harpsicord, reveals famous (and ironically chosen) historical personages among the mincing throngs.

The dance, incidentally, is brilliantly choreographed and photographed, intercut with impeccably synchronized dialogue exchanges as the participants change partners, never losing a step or disrupting the visual continuity of the dance. Douglas Slocombe comments: "It was, I think, a tour-de-force, and entirely Polanski's conception. The whole thing took two days to shoot, working out all the camera movements, picking out a line of dialogue here and a line there, then timing the dance to coincide with a glace between Alfred, the Professor, or

Sarah, and interlinking with the other shots. The success of the plan depended a lot on the intelligence of our crowd artists—we were fortunate enough to have an excellent bunch. The climax, with the whole assembly stepping toward the large mirror in which only three of them were reflected, was worked by building a duplicate set in reverse behind the "mirror" and substituting doubles for the Professor, Alfred, and Sarah—making certain the two sets of actors perfectly mimicked each others' movements."

Often, this kind of attention to detail assumes an aura of chance or coincidence, particularly when it involves symbolism. When asked if certain effects were deliberate or mere coincidence, Polanski replied: "I'm very glad to know that often you can't tell whether an effect was intentional or not, because in my opinion that is what divides a work of art from something which is arty. It is when you are not sure whether the author, director, or whoever it might be, did it on purpose—very often you think they were merely lucky, that just the right bird flew across the sky at the right moment. It's right you should think that. If you realize it was done with purpose, then it looks contrived, self-conscious. If an effect is really done well, you should think that even the director was not consciously aware of it."

This attitude sheds new light on much of Polanski's work. For instance, The Professor's satchel of vampire weapons is constantly being dropped on Alfred's or his own feet, and never proves effective against the vampires, hurting no one but the users. Is it, then, merely a gimmick to facilitate slapstick—or a greater statement on the use of weapons? And the incessant bungling of the do-gooders Alfred and Abronsius who go about their self-appointed task with an incredible lack of vision and perception, succeeding in nothing but creating disaster and never even realizing it—again, comedic device or significant commentary?

Polanski is always saying something, whether in words, symbolic images, literal graphic narration, implication, or even music. Krzysztof Komeda's score here is a hauntingly ethereal blend of sombre chords and wailing voices, at once broadly basso and eerily shrill . . . yet poignantly sad when underscoring the pathetic love scenes between Alfred and Sarah.

Detail piled atop detail, no one expense spared, much to budget-conscious producers' dismay. Polanski is notorious for his use of takes. The money-men call it inexcusable waste and irresponsible self-indulgence. Jack MacGowran calls it "only a part of his overall perpetual seeking for perfection. Where another director will say 'That'll do for me,' Roman will want to try once, twice, or a dozen times more, and such is the infectious quality of his enthusiasm that whereas with another director I might very well have walked off the set, here I was able to keep going through forty takes of a long and complicated scene."

Detail upon detail, all designed to confer additional significance and impact to each separate detail as well as to the film as a whole, each detail contributing to a make a masterpiece of *The Fearless Vampire Killers*, a film described by Polanski himself as "a cartoon with people."

... A cartoon in which all of the characters have balloons inside them—balloons filled with joy and verve and excitement and enthusiasm and more throat-tickling fun than carnival-twirled balloons bursting like blue bubblegum.

AND A CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM

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But the baby, you say; it wasn't human. Oh no? Its hands and feet were covered and Rosemary never touched his head; there's no proof that he has horns and claws and hooves. Maybe strange eyes run in Guy's family?

Roman Castevet may be Stephen Marcato but so what, he may be the celebrant of a Satanic coven but does that mean he has Power, or that there is a Satan to conjure up? Rosemary may be just plain unbalanced—which is where, basically, all those fears and neuroses and guilty feelings we mentioned a few paragraphs back come in, because they help make a fairly convincing case for paranoid delusions and "Prepartum crazies." After all, did Doctor Hill believe her story when Rosemary went to him for help? Would you?

Levin never tells us which way to turn. And that's nice. Polanski does, early on. And that's not nice. He shows us the rape, in detail, shows us the demon, and from then on, we know that Rosemary's in trouble, that the baddies are out to get her and that she's all alone. We know that the Castevets are Satanists, because we see them at a sabbath; we know Guy is in with them, because he is at that same sabbath; we know who zapped Donald Baumgart and Hatch and we know how and we know why, because we see the events happening.

That choice totals a lot of the book's intrinsic suspense right there. But all might not have been lost; with a more sympathetic actress—Pamela Franklyn, for example—the audience could have been pulled in on a maybe-she'll-get-away-omigod-they're-going-to-get-the-poor-girl level. Knowing she's in bad trouble and rooting

for her because she's the underdog. That's how *The Exorcist* pulls off its suspense, by involving the audience with Regan and making everyone wonder—fear—whether or not she'll ever be freed from the demon that's possessing her. We care for Regan and we root for her; not so with Rosemary.

So, is the movie a dud? Unfortunately, yes. Why? A script that wasn't tight enough, or deep enough, or suspenseful enough, actors who hadn't the skill to add any extra dimensions to the 2-D roles they were given, and actors who had the skill but weren't directed towards that goal. And a direction that had no point. Polanski is a brilliant director and if anyone reading this doubts his ability to scare the bejesus out of an audience, then I suggest they get a friend and go see *Repulsion*, and if they want character, try *Knife in the Water*, humor in a slapstick vein (ouch!) and atmosphere *The Fearless Vampire Killers*. *Rosemary's Baby* is none of these, though it has elements of atmosphere and humor—but very little suspense/horror. For example, all of the Castevet Coven are old and gone-to-seed and, by gum, they look it. Ruth Gordon naked is about as cheering a sight as the naked witches in the opening scene of Polanski's *Macbeth*! Ugh!

Like many foreign directors doing a BIG BUDGET/HOLLYWOOD film, Polanski seems to have lost his way. The film is a commercial adaptation of a commercial book, it is a product. It has no soul. No emotion seems to have gone into its making and none was apparent in the result; no one seems to have made the extra effort needed to transcend mediocrity. No one cared. And it shows. Like the newer James Bond films, *Rosemary's Baby* is a cinematic zombie; a professional, sterile two hours worth of celluloid in which a lot of first-rate people did second-rate work.

Which is a terrible pity. Because it could have been one helluva film.

FIN



ZOMBIES

The events in this article are purported to be fact. For further information on the Zombie and on Voodoo, we suggest that the reader borrow from the library, *THE MAGIC ISLAND*, by William Seabrook (1929). It is a book to make the flesh creep.

Zombies are neither ghosts nor persons, but soulless animated corpses who are used to perform dull and heavy work. A Zombie must be taken from a fresh grave before the body has begun to decompose. Only exponents in Voodoo can animate a corpse in this way. The stories of Zombies have been passed off as superstitions fantasies, but the authorities in some West Indian islands took it so seriously that they passed laws forbidding the practice.

The West Indians themselves were so afraid of their relatives being transformed into Zombies that even the poorest put themselves into debt to bury their dead beneath solid tombs of masonry. If this was not possible, they put them in graves in their own gardens when they

like people sleepwalking. They seemed not to be a part of the bright, sunny Caribbean world as they lined up to be registered. There were nine of them.

They had a strangely depressing effect on the American manager, and as their shadows fell across the registration book he shivered unaccountably.

In charge of this band of unhappy creatures was a gnarled old coal-black Haitian named Ti Joseph, a headman who came from Colombier, and who pushed them into line like cattle.

He explained that they were simple, ignorant people who came from the wild regions near the Dominican border. They did not understand the local Creole language and were frightened by the noise of the huge sugar factory.

But they were good workers and if they were put in the cane field as far from the factory as possible, they would, under his direction, work very well.

AND

could continually watch over them. Others posted guards over their relatives' graves with shot-guns day and night until they were sure the body was decomposed and safe from those who practiced the black art of Voodoo.

Zombies move like automatons, like people asleep with their eyes open. They will work like machines all day in the blazing sun without rest. They must be fed tasteless, monotonous food, for if they are allowed salt or meat they become aroused and are aware of what is happening to them, and realize that they are the dead who should be at rest. Those who are using them for their own ends then lose control over them. The Zombie then must be destroyed by fire, then laid to repose.

Some years ago, on a spring morning, the labor manager of a large American sugar plantation and factory in Haiti was puzzled to see shambling towards him a line of sagged, miserable looking people. They neither spoke nor gestured, but shuffled along with sightless eyes

Hands were in great demand. The cane season was at its height, and any labor was welcome. Joseph and his wretched company of workers were assigned to the fields most distant from the factory, and Joseph and his wife, Croyance, set up a camp for them. They kept to themselves . . . and were left to themselves.

The other West Indian workers would not venture near Joseph and his band of creatures, for they knew they were Zombies whom Joseph had, by some diabolical sorcery, raised from their graves and endowed with a mechanical semblance of life.

Day after day the Zombies worked in the cane fields under the watchful eye of Joseph, and if the dumb creatures did not work fast enough he whipped them on. At their avoided camp Joseph's wife, Croyance each night cooked two pots of food—an unsalted, meatless mess for the Zombies, and a more hearty dish for herself and Joseph.

VOODOO

by Russ Jones



Every Saturday Joseph collected all their wages, and of course he kept it all himself. He had a good thing going. It was no business of the sugar company how the money was divided . . . or if it was divided at all. In any case, the Zombies had no need for money. All they wanted, did their dimmed consciousness but know it, was rest from the toil of the world—the peace of the grave.

If Joseph was hard-hearted, Croyance was not without some pity for these poor creatures. When she suggested to Joseph that perhaps some more flavor should be added to their food, he beat her, and warned her of the danger of arousing the walking dead.

The carnival which preceded Lent was a weekend holiday for all the workers. Old Joseph went off to Port-au-Prince to enjoy himself . . . his pockets stuffed with the money that the Zombies had earned for him. His wife had to stay in camp to look after the Zombies, to reprove their food and to insure they did not stray, for they were without volition and purpose, and had to be urged and guided in everything they did.

She was left to spend the holiday weekend with the Zombies with whom it was impossible to have the



slightest social contact. It was depressing in the empty fields, with the silent sugar plant in the distance. Everyone was at the carnival, even the whites who worked in the factory. She began to feel unnerved, for it was worse than being alone, having the company of these undead things, these walking dead with neither souls or minds. But she was not afraid. With the loneliness, her pity for the Zombies grew, for Croyance was at heart a kindly old soul and was sorry for what she and Joseph had done to the poor dead people.

Monday night arrived, but no Joseph, and when he had not returned on Tuesday, the day of the Mardi Gras, she came to a decision. She would go to see the processions at Croix de Bouquet and take the Zombies with her. There could be no harm in it, and it might do something to cheer what spirits they possessed to see the gay crowds and the brightly painted religious effigies.

And so she aroused the Zombies from their sleep, which differed little from their waking state, and after giving them their tasteless breakfast of cold, unsalted boiled mush, she tied a brightly colored handkerchief around her head, and set out toward the town with the

dumb Zombies walking behind her in a single file.

The Zombies had originally come from one of the villages on the slopes of the Morne-au-Diable, and she knew that the folk of these mountain villages always returned home after the Mardi Gras celebrations, so there was no danger at all of the Zombies being recognized by relatives who had recently buried them.

When they reached the town, Croyance took her charges to the village square and found them an empty bench among the crowds watching the processions. She enjoyed the colorful displays, but the Zombies just sat, with their dead, unseeing eyes fixed on nothing, avoided by the happy groups in the square.

After the procession, vendors selling savories and sweetmeats came by. Croyance bought a salted herring for herself. It tasted so good that she wanted the Zombies to taste such a treat, for they had worked so hard for her and Joseph. But she knew that she must not let them eat meat or salt.

All the same, she had her mind made to give them something to eat rather than the tasteless food they had been having. When a woman came by selling candy

made from cane sugar and pistachio nuts, she thought there would be no harm in feeding this to the Zombies.

So she bought the candy and divided it among the nine. They began to eat it. Immediately a dramatic change came over them. They stumbled to their feet with terrible cries. The people in the square fell back . . . knowing what they were, and there was a dreadful silence as the Zombies with cries of anguish turned and pointed toward the sunlit slopes of the distant Morne-au-Diable. The Zombies then walked out of the market place . . . and out of the town.

The sun was going down when they reached their village on the slopes of the Morne-au-Diable where the festivities of Mardi Gras were at their height in the market place.

When the villagers saw the Zombies walking in a single file through the warm twilight, their festivities suddenly stopped. Many recognized their relatives and loved ones whom they had buried recently, and instantly guessed the horrible truth, that they had been taken from their graves by Voodoo and forced into this dreadful semblance of life. The disturbed state of some of the graves, with the





hastily replaced earth, had already aroused suspicion. But others thought that a Lenten miracle had been wrought, and rushed to their loved ones with arms opened in blessed welcome.

The Zombies walked on, seeing nothing, straight through the market place . . . and made for the path which led to the graveyard. Then each Zombie rushed to his own despoiled grave. They threw themselves down among the stones and earth, clawing at the ground with their fingers, then lay there at last, still, silent and at peace, while tearfully, reverently, their relatives, their simple hearts broken afresh, took spade and shovel and restored them to the soil where they belonged.

It took but a short time for the villagers to learn the name Ti Joseph. They also had stolen one of his sweat stained shirts from the cane field.

The relatives of the Zombies tried to use Voodoo to destroy the man who desecrated the graves of their loved ones. But since Joseph had power in Voodoo, they were afraid he could nullify any curse.

And so they drew lots, and one night one of the men went down the mountains and lay in wait beside a path where it was known Joseph would pass. The following day Joseph was found with his head severed from his body.

The West Indians accepted Zombies as a matter of course. To refuse to believe in them was to be ignorant of the facts of life. The Zombie belief is not to be countered anywhere else in the world, which has puzzled some people.

From the Zombies have originated the Jumbies, who are walking dead not enslaved to the cane fields as the Zombies, but who go abroad and cause mischief. Jumbies were supposed to be responsible for the disturbances among the coffins in the vault of the Chase Family in the

Barbados during the early years of the nineteenth century. This is one of the world's most mysterious happenings, and one which is fully authenticated and witnessed by several responsible persons.

The blacks did not share the baffled bewilderment of their white masters at what had happened at the Chase vault. They believed that the Chase family had offended one of their powerful spirits, who might have been an ill-treated slave during his or her earthly travail.

The Negro, sproouted from his native home in Africa and transported to slavery in the West Indies, took nothing with him to the Caribbean except his burning hatred and the embers of a fierce religion, the animism of the great forests, inextricably intermingled with strange and terrifying mysteries which came from the remote heart of the vast continent.

The Africans, like the pagan Europeans before them, just added Christianity to their own religion and developed a mixture of both. In the same way the old paganism lived on in Europe for many centuries. It just went underground and later emerged as witchcraft.

Thus Voodoo was born at the West Indies. It was a force that unified the blacks and came to be dreaded by the whites, for it was behind the bloody slave revolts at the end of the nineteenth century, just after the French Revolution, when in Haiti particularly the slaves massacred their former masters wholesale and subjected them to horrible tortures, such as sawing them in half.

Voodoo also concerned itself with the converse of the dreaded powers by which the peaceful dead were turned into unhappy Zombies. To avoid such a thing happening and to insure the liberation of the spirit so that it might join the spirits of its ancestors, Voodoo prescribed that certain rites and ceremonies be performed upon the dead body. The first part of the ceremony was performed by



the practitioner sitting astride the corpse and plucking the spirit from its prison of clay. For a year the spirit dwelled upon the waters, when another rite finally liberated it from this world.

If the spirit was not liberated in this manner, it joined the company of earthbound ghosts which at the Voodoo belief are always malevolent and dangerous, no matter what their temperaments might have been in life. This was apart from the danger of the dead person being turned into a Zombie by such evil practitioners of Voodoo as Ti Joseph.

Of course it was not always possible to get hold of the body in order to liberate the spirit. But the rite could be performed just as well by sitting astride the grave. This had to be done at night and in great secrecy and it was strictly forbidden by the authorities.

Whatever might be said against Voodoo, it was the slaves' only way of escape from the desolation of their lives. It unified them. To them Christianity meant the hell of servitude, and it is not surprising that they turned it upside down in their black rites. Their daytime was spent in inhuman toll in the cane fields under the whip, and so Voodoo became a thing of the night, a secret world in the darkness, illuminated with the blood and cruelty which the white man had made part of their lives. The drums and dances had the most elemental appeal to the African, and without their fierce rhythms Voodoo would have died, for Africa soon became a dim memory and faded into wonderous legend. Voodoo lives on today with uninformed vitality, and it means far more to most West Indians than the Christian religion they have been taught. Yes, in 1974 Voodoo lives on.



FIN

ALL-STAR MONSTER SHOW





Glenn Strange as the Frankenstein Monster in one of his first publicized poses for *HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN*

Imagine—just Imagine—one picture with the Frankenstein Monster, Dracula, the Wolf-Man, the Mad Doctor and the Hunchback! It was the *Gone with the Wind*, the *Towering Inferno*, of monster movies!

by Jim Harmon

HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN is one of my very favorite monster movies. There—I've admitted it! I know most film critics consider either FRANKENSTEIN or BIRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN the best of the Universal Frankenstein pictures. Probably the general consensus among learned experts is that KING KONG is best single monster-horror-fantasy film of all time. Some younger rebels might hold out for HORROR OF DRACULA or even CLOCKWORK ORANGE as their personal horror favorite. But I like HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN.

This picture is the all-star monster extravaganza of all time. It might have been produced by those circus moguls, Barnum and Bailey. Yes sir, in this ring, we have the genuine Frankenstein Monster—see his electrodes spark! In the next ring, ladies and gentlemen, is no trained dog act, but the original Wolf Man! High over head—without benefit of trapeze—is Count Dracula! (Swoop down into the spotlight, Count.) And occupying the third ring is your old favorite—the Mad Doctor, with his faithful Hunchback friend! The Hunchback breaks backs, the Mad Doctor sets them! (Watch them operate without aid of fee-splitting—only skull-splitting!)

When I was a mere lad, I did not care for a lot of subtlety in my monster movies. My idea of a good flick was to crowd it with a bunch of walking horrors, and put 'em to work. Certainly, a few movies have ever been as

crowded with monsters as HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN, although there has been the objection that they did not do enough work—the creatures did very little in the way of actual on-screen mayhem and destruction.

Ah, but in those days we had imagination. Merely to see John Carradine bare his fangs as Dracula was to spend countless sleepless nights rabbing your throat, searching for tell-tale wounds. Seeing Glenn Strange stalk across the screen as the stiff-legged Monster was sufficient to make you peer into the shadows behind every bush. Needless to say, Karloff as the Mad Doctor and Lon Chaney, Jr. as the Wolf Man were enough to turn you against white-suited dentists and shaggy, stray dogs. I'm not sure that the Hunchback did not influence my opinion of the handicapped.

In 1944—the year of the release of HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN—we did not need drugs to send us off on good—and bad—trips. It was a laughable situation, no doubt. We did not get color cartoons on television (not even black and white ones, come to think of it). Our cartoons were still pictures, on paper, in books. We had to give life to those primitive drawings of the Human Torch and Sub-Mariner and Batman in our minds. Even worse—we sat around listening to the soundtracks of TV programs we couldn't even see. These were known as "radio programs." We made up pictures to go with the eerie laugh of The Shadow, the whooshing flight of Superman, the hearty "Hi-Yo Silver!" of the Lone Ranger.

With this sort of weird lifestyle, it is not to be unexpected that when on the once or twice a week we got to a movie theatre and saw our favorite fantasy characters before our very eyes, we really freaked out. It really did not matter that the Frankenstein Monster was roused from his half-life only in the final reel to stalk the night. Just seeing his fearful form up there, and imagining what he could do when turned loose was enough.

There was plenty of food for imagination in HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN.

For this picture, Boris Karloff was induced to return to the Universal Frankenstein series. After SON OF FRANKENSTEIN, he vowed never to play the Monster





Karloff and Noah display the skeleton of Count Dracula in their travelling Chamber of Horrors show

agent. Of course, he had originated the role in the first *FRANKENSTEIN*, 1931, and resented it in *BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN*, 1935. But after the 1939 *SON*, he felt that he had done all he could with the role, and although *SON* was unquestionably an outstanding picture, Karloff seemed to sense that the series could only go down hill with countless sequels.

In 1944, after appearing in many other movies of all types, he did agree to star in *HOUSE OF FRENKENSTEIN*, but not as the Monster. He became the Monster's creator—in effect, Doctor Frankenstein, although he was called Dr. Gustav Niemann in the film, only a student and admirer of the original Dr. Frankenstein. Karloff probably agreed to do the part for the screen exposure every star needed to stay before the public, and because he needed to earn money like everyone else. Some have suggested that he had a light, tongue-in-cheek attitude towards the picture, but this hardly seems to be born out by watching the film. His lines are all delivered with a grim seriousness. Karloff took his business seriously.

For the new Frankenstein Monster, Glenn Strange was finally selected.

I met Glenn Strange on several occasions. I must curb the temptation some writers give in to and claim Glenn Strange as a close friend. (Such people as Kirk Alyn, star of super-sensals, and George DeNormand, who doubled Karloff in *BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN*, certainly are my good friends, but I only knew Strange casually.) Strange had spent most of his film career in Westerns,

usually as one of the bad guys being chased by Buck Jones or John Wayne. Most of his friends and most of his personal interest lay in Westerns. Horror movies were only something that had taken a few weeks of his professional time. He was a simple, uncomplicated man. On a TV interview with Merv Griffin about a year before his death, Strange was asked "Did you ever kill anybody, Glenn?"

Glenn looked troubled, taking the question as a personal one to him, no doubt remembering some of the rough and ready fights he had engaged in behind the scenes on pictures and in night clubs (fights he had told me about). Finally, Glenn managed "Why . . . I don't think so."

At this point, somebody jumped in and said that while the Frankenstein Monster stalked about menacingly, he was seldom shown actually murdering anybody.

Another Westerner, Lane Chandler, had been tested for the new Monster by make-up artist, Jack Pierce, but when they put the headpiece on Strange, he knew he had his man. Obviously, producer Paul Malvern felt he no longer needed a star of the stature of Karloff, or Lon Chaney, Jr. or Bela Lugosi, who had played the Monster previously. The make-up was trade-marked. Whoever wore it would be the Frankenstein Monster. The part no longer called for subtle acting responses. The Frankenstein Monster was there only to make the statement he was a monster.

Even so, Boris Karloff advised Strange on playing the role, and Strange was grateful to him. Over a dozen years

before, Strange had seen the first FRANKENSTEIN film while he had been a cow hand in El Paso, Texas, little realizing he would someday play this strange, unfathomable creature himself. Certainly, his craggy face, towering frame, and gigantic hands made him ideally impressive physically.

Although he had played the Monster in GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN, Lon Chaney had made an even deeper impression as THE WOLF MAN, and again as the star-crossed Larry Talbot in FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLF MAN opposite Bela Lugosi as the Monster. There was no question that in an all-star monster bash, Chaney would have to be the Wolf Man again. The picture centered around him, even more so than Karloff's Dr. Niemann character.

As for Bela Lugosi, he seemed to be on decline in favor with the studio. Not only was he not cast again as the Monster as he had been in FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLF MAN, but he was not recalled for his even more famous role—Dracula, the King of Vampires. It would be the first time since his original appearance in 1931 that Dracula would be on-screen again. It would have been natural for Lugosi to return to the role, but a substitution was made. John Carradine was excellent as a handsome menace, but even as a boy, I thought the picture would have been even stronger with the "real" Dracula, Lugosi, in it.

Another talented actor was J. Carroll Naish as the Hunchback, Daniel. The character was undoubtedly inspired by Quasimodo, THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME, from the Hugo classic novel, played on screen by Lon Chaney, Sr. in the silents and by Charles

Laughton in the talkies. If you'll forgive another nostalgic note, I even remember kids at school excitedly listing off the roll call of monsters in this movie—"Frankenstein . . . Dracula . . . the Wolf Man . . . the Hunchback of Notre Dame!"

With the cast set, HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN proceeded under the direction of Erle C. Kenton.

Two of the shaggy, bearded inmates of the Neustadt Prison were Dr. Niemann and Daniel. During a lecture with chalk talk on the cell wall, Niemann explained to Daniel that he could make Daniel tall and straight "like other men"—if only he had the secrets of his idol, the late Dr. Frankenstein. The discourse was interrupted by a bolt of lightning from the stormy sky, blasting open an exit in the prison wall for the two prisoners.

The two men took refuge in the horse-drawn caravan wagon of Professor Lampini's travelling Chamber of Horrors. The professor (George Zucco) did not last long at the hands of Daniel. Shaving and cleaning up, Daniel and Niemann assumed the identities of the wagon driver and Lampini. They headed for Visaria (as they spelled the name of the town in this film) where the doctor would begin a scheme of revenge.

En route, they stopped off at Reigelberg where Lionel Atwill was the police inspector (who else?) this time known as Arno, and comic Sig Ruman was Herr Husmann, the burgomaster (or mayor)—and Niemann's old enemy.

At a showing of the Chamber of Horrors, Niemann was so overcome by fury at the sight of Husman he seized the stake from the rib cage of the skeleton of Count Dracula (which Niemann apparently thought was





only a fake prop for the traveling show). The dust of the vampire count regathered itself about the skeleton and Dracula returned to life (in the person of John Carradine).

The film editor apparently transposed two pieces of film to have Karloff as the doctor threaten Dracula first with the words "But if you move . . ." the stake would be replaced, returning the count to limbo. Then Dr Niemann promised to guard the coffin for Dracula, if the count would do his bidding. It is apparent that the line "But if you move . . ." would come after the promise of service. Probably the film editor thought the threat seemed more logical when made immediately.

The count really did not mind disposing of old Huisman for Dr Niemann. Because during the course of events, he got to get friendly with pretty Rita (Anne Gwynne) and to kidnap her in a coach which he managed to produce from somewhere (Transylvania Rend-a-Coach?). Dracula drove the horses hard to overtake the Chamber of Horrors wagon and regain his coffin before either daybreak or Inspector Arno's mounted posse could catch him.

At Niemann's bidding, Daniel shoved Dracula's coffin out off the side of the road. The horses broke away, and the coach overturned. Dracula made a frantic effort to get back into the coffin, but the rays of the rising sun caught him, returning him to his skeletal form—and released his hold on the awakening Rita.

The script was so complex, it must have been decided to dispose of Dracula in a separate vignette unto himself. The sequence has been released as a film itself by Castle home movies, in 8mm and 16mm sound as DOOM OF DRACULA.

Niemann and Daniel escaped, however, to do further evil and to meet other monsters.

Near the village of Frankenstein, the two men encountered a pretty Gypsy girl, Iliska, (Elena Vergugo, now the co-star of *Marcus Welby* on TV). Daniel was enchanted with her, and to humor him, Niemann took the girl along with them. The girl was injured by a beating from a cruel Gypsy chief, and Daniel cared for her tenderly. Of course, even though he had saved her life and given her a place to sleep and eat, he did not meet her standards of manly beauty—so she would have nothing to do with him. Or almost nothing. She agreed to chat with him on occasions. She was all heart.

While Daniel and Niemann searched the ruins of the Frankenstein Castle for the late doctor's secret journals, they went through the rotten floor into a sub-basement which had formed an ice-cave, preserving the bodies of the Frankenstein Monster and the Wolf Man where the flood at the climax of *FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLF MAN* had washed them. A raging bonfire thawed out the two monsters. Talbot reverted to his human form and awoke, grumbling as usual over his fate at being alive once more. The Monster was less animated, his corpse-like tissue suffering more than the furry hide of the Wolf Man. Once again, the Monster needed reanimation treatments.

Niemann promised a scientific treatment to lift Talbot's supernatural curse. Brooding, Talbot agreed to help the doctor. As it seemed to happen with all scientists who went near the Frankenstein Monster, Niemann became too absorbed with his studies and treatment of the Monster—and with his plans for revenge on the townspeople—to help Talbot.

The Wolf Man stalked and killed again. In the mor-



Cover Dracula uses his vampire charm on his HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN co-star, Anne Gwynne

ning, Talbot confessed to the Gypsy girl, who loved him (She must have been in love with him too. She described a guy who looked like Lon Chaney as being "handsome.") The girl vowed to find a way to help him.

The only way anyone could help a werewolf was to end their misery by killing them with a silver bullet. Henka fashioned such a bullet and used it on the man she loved. In his maddened wolf state, Talbot turned on her and fatally wounded her, before falling dead himself.

Grief-stricken Daniel took the dead girl to Niemann who callously dismissed him. That was a mistake. Daniel would never be "as other men" but now, he didn't care. He strangled the doctor.

Having seemingly learned a sense of loyalty for the doctor who was trying to help him, the Frankenstein Monster tore free of his restraining straps and quickly dispatched Daniel, tossing him through a window to the ground far below.

The mob of maddened villagers arrived, having put up with enough from the monsters prowling their streets. The Monster dragged off the injured Dr. Niemann into the swamp surrounding the castle.

His fear of fire—the torches held and thrown by the villagers—made the Frankenstein Monster ignore Niemann's hoarse commands not to enter the area of the quicksand. Too late. The two creatures sank from human sight into the dismal bog.

With this picture, *HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN* Universal had topped themselves. They could not go back to pictures featuring only the Frankenstein Monster or Dracula or the Wolf Man. The audience might feel short-changed, they reasoned.

They tried the combination again in *HOUSE OF DRACULA* with Ossie Stevens as Dr. Edelmann who turned out to be sort-of a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde—although they claim that name was never used in the picture, or its advertising. There was a bit of cheating in the ads—referring to a "Hunchback" monster, when the hunchback turned out only to be attractive Jane Adams as a nurse, Nina, with the handicap. She was a sympathetic character, not the least monstrous.

In *ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN* Universal also added Chaney as the Wolf Man (despite his being "cured" at the end of *HOUSE OF DRACULA*) and Dracula—this time, the original, Bela Lugosi.

However, I feel *HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN* offered the most satisfactory blend of all the classic Universal monsters in one film. This film was an "all-star" horror show—and it had the greatest of horror stars—Boris Karloff. It was better than a "classic"—it was a heck of a show!

What's Up Doc Frankenstein Part II

Walt Disney presented very realistic prehistoric creatures in one segment of his *FANTASIA* (Corp. Walt Disney Prod.)

Were MONSTERS OF THE MOVIES readers going to be interested in reading about Animated Animousies, Creatures in the Cartoons, Monsters in Shorts? We wondered, and we found out with PART I of this series... You wanted more! And here it is—PART II.

by Don Glut

Walt Disney, the King of animated cartoons, contended that with laughter there must also be tears. Often those Disney-inspired tears went right along with chilled spines and shrieks of terror. In *FANTASIA* (see *MOM* no. 3), not only did the master present the antics of Mickey Mouse as the Sorcerer's Apprentice, but also the master sourced himself, a world of dinosaurs and the demon of bald Moamam.

FANTASIA was but one of the animated feature length films of Walt Disney which unleashed horrendous monsters into the cartoon world.

When the Disney studio created the genre of the animated full length movie, Walt and his staff of craftsmen brought to the screen some of the most formidable fiends ever to ice the spines of youthful audiences. The first American feature length cartoon was Disney's *SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS* (1937). What child ever seeing the Wicked Queen demand that her henchmen fetch the heart of the innocent Snow White and return with it in a box can ever forget it? That was extremely heavy horror, more even than that served by studios like Universal in their adult horror films. The Wicked Queen was Disney's answer to

Lady Macbeth. When she uses a mystic spell to transform herself into a cackling old witch, she rivals the many transformations of Dr. Jekyll into the monstrous Mr. Hyde, and her only other screen rival in the classic witch department is Margaret Hamilton in *THE WIZARD OF OZ*.

In *PINOCCHIO* (1940), Walt Disney gave us (if we extend our imaginations a bit) a variation on the Golem theme, with a lifeless human figure achieving life through the power of a supernatural agency (in Pinocchio's instance, the desirable Blue Fairy). Disney ran the entire gamut of his art in this, in my opinion, his masterpiece, bringing to the story humor, warmth and characterization, as well as some of the finest cartoon animation ever screened with music to match. But there was also terror in *Pinocchio*. The scene in which the bad boys on Pleasure Island transform, like werewolves into donkeys is rightly considered by many film buffs to be one of the most effective horror scenes ever to go before a camera. Disney understood child psychology, knew what could truthfully scare the younger members of his audience. For a child to see another youth (albeit a 'bad boy') crying for his mother, then hearing that pleasant segue into the braying of an animal, was certainly a vivid lesson in misbehavior. As a credit to his genius, I might add that Disney handled what could have been an objectionable scene with understanding and taste.

PINOCCHIO also boasted the dreaded Monstro, the most monstrous whale ever to crash about the screen. Even the movie's *Moby Dick*s seemed like smiling "Flippers" in comparison, as Monstro's cavernous mouth opened so wide it could swallow even whole boats.



The Monster Mr. At appeared in *MAGOON MEETS FRANKENSTEIN*, a cartoon short (Corp. UPA)



JOSHUA

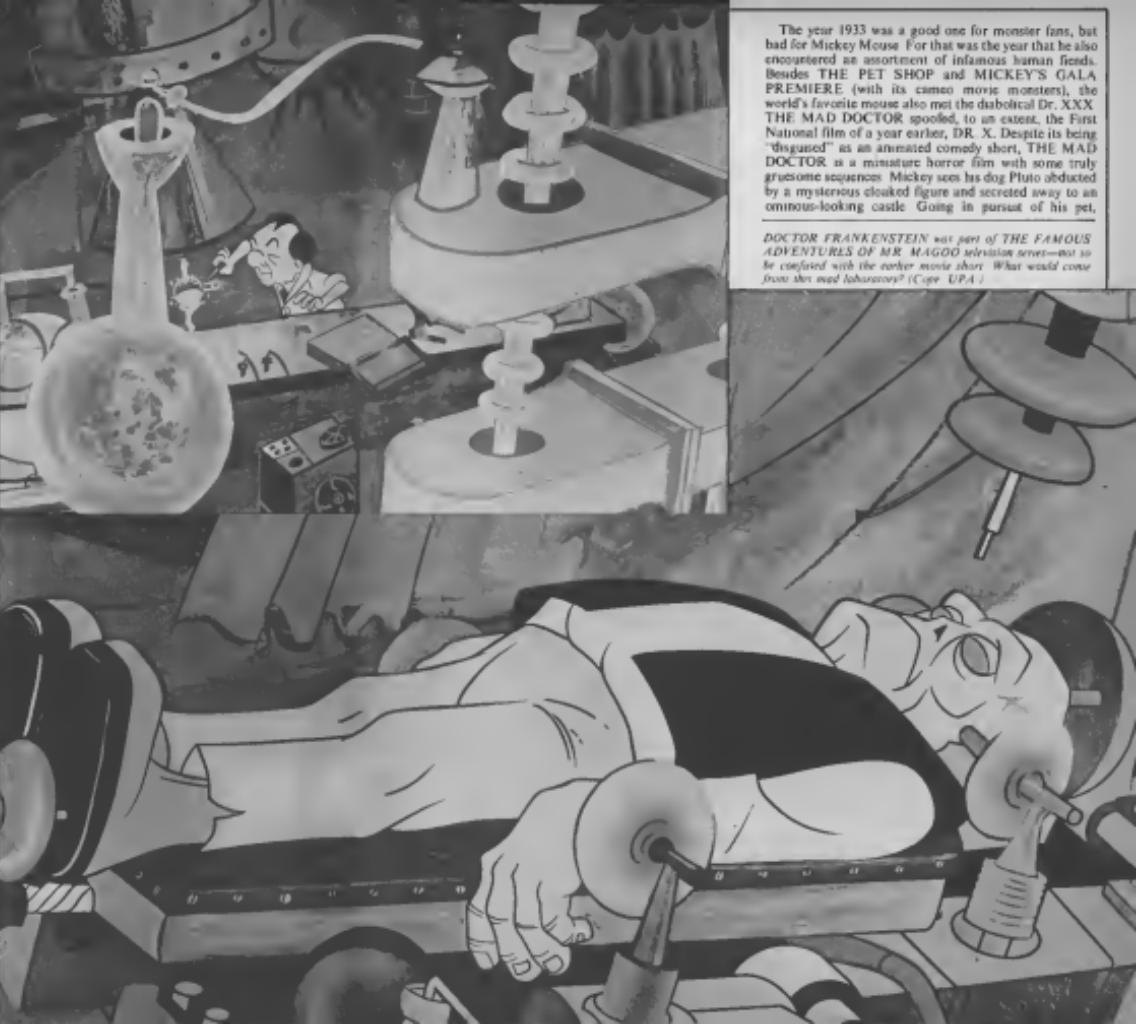
A friendly little monster, JOSHUA, animated by MOM cartoonist, Bob Greenberg. (Copy: Lengy & Greenberg.)

Disney, along with his staff of writers, artists and technicians, continued to create monsters for their animated features, including dragons both humorous and not. **THE RELUCTANT DRAGON** (1941) was an amusing film about a dragon who would rather enjoy a peaceful life than battle courageous knights. The dragon **SLEEPING BEAUTY** (1959), however, was more of the traditional sort. It was a monster in the strictest sense, the transformed evil witch called Maleficent, who required the size and power of a dragon to attack Prince Charming.

Although Disney brought his monsters to perfection within the color frames of his animated features, he was actually creating cartoon horror on the screen much earlier, in black and white short subjects starring the unsinkable Mickey Mouse.

Mickey encountered his own version of the "Eighth Wonder of the World" in a 1933 cartoon entitled **THE PET SHOP**. For some reason perhaps fathomable only to the mind of a mouse, Mickey keeps a caged gorilla in the pet shop where he works. When the big ape casts an amorous glance at Mickey's girlfriend Minnie (as if King Kong falling in love with a human girl wasn't bizarre enough), he bends the bars of his cage and escapes, clutching her in his hairy paw. Coincidentally, our hero keeps a book in the shop picturing a scene of King Kong atop the Empire State Building. Mimicking the scene, the gorilla piles up boxes and tops them with a bird cage (simulating the old dirigible mooring mast of the once largest building in the world), then climbs to the top. Mickey requires the aid of the pet shop birds, imitating the biplane from **KING KONG**, to cut the big-thinking simian down to size.

What could DOCTOR FRANKENSTEIN—Mr. Magoo—be planning to do with this strange form? (Copy: UPA.)



The year 1933 was a good one for monster fans, but bad for Mickey Mouse. For that was the year that he also encountered an assortment of infamous human fiends. Besides **THE PET SHOP** and **MICKEY'S GALA PREMIERE** (with its cameo movie monsters), the world's favorite mouse also met the diabolical Dr. XXX, **THE MAD DOCTOR** spoofed, to an extent, the First National film of a year earlier, **DR. X**. Despite its being "disguised" as an animated comedy short, **THE MAD DOCTOR** is a miniature horror film with some truly gruesome sequences. Mickey sees his dog Pluto abducted by a mysterious cloaked figure and secreted away to an ominous-looking castle. Going in pursuit of his pet,

DOCTOR FRANKENSTEIN was part of **THE FAMOUS ADVENTURES OF MR. MAGOO** television series—but to be confused with the darker movie short. What would come from this mad laboratory? (Copy: UPA.)



The Monster arrives! Thanks to DR. FRANKENSTEIN—Mr. Magoo—and he proves a feature called MR. MAGOO, MAN OF MYSTERY (Copy: UPA)

Mickey discovers the mystery man to be the sinister DR. XXX. This loitering mad fiend subjects both Pluto and his master to the monstrous devices in the castle laboratory. Fortunately, just as he is about to be divided in two by the lunatic's descending buzzsaw, Mickey awakens from a dream (not an uncommon ending for cartoons of this period).

A more ambitious KING KONG satire was made the same year as THE PET SHOP. Since the immortal Kong was energized upon the screen through puppet animation in 1933, it was logical that the year would also see him stomping through the medium of cartoon animation. KING KLUNK was a Walter Lantz cartoon starring Pooch the Pup, one of the numerous anthropomorphic animals of that era. Pooch ventures to a prehistoric world where he meets a native girl named Gooma-Gooma. But Pooch's affections for the girl with the exotic name are rivaled by those of the enormous gorilla King Klunk, who first battles an amphibious Tyrannosaurus, then chases Gooma-Gooma through a large city. Finally the King is blanketed off the Empire State Building by an airborne Pooch the Pup.

Betty Boop, perhaps the sexiest of all the old animated characters, also encountered a bit of 1933 monster-mania in her own cartoon, BETTY BOOP, M.D. depicted an astoundingly realistic metamorphosis of the Fredric March Dr. Jekyll into Mr. Hyde. In BETTY BOOP'S PENTHOUSE the enticing Betty was mutated by a Frankenstein style monster created from a retort dripping chemicals. Betty's very sexual appeal stops the brute in his gigantic tracks, changing him into an effeminate flower (and giving the older members of the audience something to contemplate on their way home from the theatre).

It was during the 1960s that the myopic Mr. Magoo had two meetings with the celebrated Frankenstein Monster. UPA's theatrical cartoon MAGOO MEETS FRANKENSTEIN (1960) brought the squinting hero to what he believes to be a resort hotel. Actually, Magoo becomes the "guest" of Professor Frankenstein who happens to need a human mind to transfer to the brain of the Monster. Through his own inimitable luck, Magoo manages to make the professor the guinea pig, his mind being exchanged for that of a rooster. MAGOO MEETS FRANKENSTEIN was standard Mr. Magoo fare—quite the contrary to his next association with the

Frankenstein theme.

Mr. Magoo appeared as a quite fiendish Dr. Frankenstein in the UPA television series of 1965, FAMOUS ADVENTURES OF MR. MAGOO. In the episode entitled "Dr. Frankenstein," the unorthodox scientist plans to conquer the world with a veritable army of artificially created horrors. Magoo (with the voice of actor Jim Backus) raves and barks in his own delusions of grandeur as he plays with the electrical apparatus in his laboratory. Only the inevitable explosion ends the mad scientist's madder dreams. (This segment has since been incorporated into a feature length film, MR. MAGOO, MAN OF MYSTERY, which occasionally plays on television.)

Monsters of various sorts have been appearing in recent years in independently made cartoons which are currently enjoying theatrical release. BAMBI MEETS GODZILLA (1969), an extremely short subject by Marvin Newland, simply shows a placidly-eating Bambi squashed beneath a massive reptilian foot. And THE MAD BAKER, a cartoon made in 1972 by the Crunch Bird Company, follows a living chocolate cake, created by a Dracula-style mad doctor, until it is destroyed in the familiar burning windmill.

One of the most impressive of the new wave of independent animated cartoons is JOSHUA AND THE BLOB (begun in 1971 and released in 1972 as a companion film to the live action feature film, SON OF BLOB, also called BEWARE! THE BLOB). The cartoon was created and directed by then 21 year-old John Lange. Assistant Animator Bob Greenberg also created some of the spectacular special animated effects in the science fiction comedy DARK STAR (see *More* no. 36).

Joshua is a kind of Everyman, his reactions being those of any of us. In appearance, Joshua is almost a monster himself, a stout brown body mostly belly and head, and with a head mostly nose and an enormous tooth-filled mouth. But the real "monster" of the cartoon is a pulsating pink blob that crawls into Joshua's life.

Yet is the blob really a monster?

As any of us might do, Joshua attempts to reject the alien creature. However the more Joshua tries to shrug off the mysterious blob, the more tender, the more amorous, the strange thing becomes. At last Joshua can no longer resist the attractions of the blob and the screen erupts with what can only be described as visualized happiness, an explosion of colorful imagery and joyous music. Joshua discovers that his new-found pink "friend" has metamorphosed into a pink young lady. And to his eternal joy, she is a female counterpart of himself.

JOSHUA AND THE BLOB has received a number of awards, including the first prize in the category of animated films for children at the annual Animated Film Festival in Zagreb, Yugoslavia. (The previous year, Lange's cartoon JOSHUA IN A BOX took first place.) The film also was a first prize winner in animated film festivals held in London and in Hollywood.

Thus far we have only begun to chronicle the adventures of monsters in the animated cartoons. Mighty Mouse, Huckle and Jeckle, Gandy Goose, the world's first superhero Popeye, and of course the character who gave a title to this article, Bugs Bunny, are but a few of the cartoon characters, both animal and human, who have crossed the shadows of Frankenstein's Monster, Mr. Hyde, Count Dracula and a full rostrum of unnatural horrors. The stories of these popular animated characters are waiting to be told in the third installment of this series about monsters... in the cartoons.

FREDDIE FRANCIS

by Susan Munshower

"I love doing films!" director Freddie Francis announces happily as he sits in his office at Pinewood Studios. Actually it's the office of Tyburn Film Productions Limited, headed by Freddie's son Kevin. Freddie has just finished his first film for his son's company, *The Ghoul*, starring Peter Cushing, John Hurt, Gwen Watford, Veronica Carlson and Alexandra Bastedo and introducing a new horror film bad guy, Don Henderson, as "The Ghoul."

Before working with his own offspring, Freddie was the man responsible for such terrifying treats as *Nightmare*, *Evil of Frankenstein*, *The Skull*, *They Came From*

Beyond Space, *The Deadly Bees*, *Torture Garden*, *Dracula Has Risen From the Grave*, *Tales That Witness Madness*, *Trag* and the amazingly titled *Mammy*, *Nanny*, *Sonny and Gerty*. The list goes on and on and on, not to mention his Oscar-winning work as a cameraman in *Sons and Lovers*, *Room at the Top*, *The Innocent*, *Night Must Fall* and *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*.

Impressive? Yes, but not nearly as impressive as Freddie's real love of film, the obvious care he takes in putting together his films. "I love doing films," he explains. "This is my life. I can't do anything else. I adore films. I think it's a great game. As far as I'm concerned, it's a



game, and I love playing."

And, with *The Ghouls*, Freddie even decided he loved playing with horror films—which for a long time were not his cup of tea. Francis worked his way up through the British studio system. As a young man, he worked as an apprentice to a stills photographer, then as clapper boy, then as assistant cameraman until he had made his way to being one of London's most respected cameramen.

"I was a cameraman," he recalls, "and, I suppose you know, a sort of high-powered cameraman, the darling of the new wave and all that. Then I started directing films, because as a cameraman you don't always work with exciting directors. I mean, I was very lucky. I was able to work with people like Jack Clayton, Carol Reed, John Houston—all wonderful directors. I had great fun.

"But there were other times when one did the bread-

and-butter things, and it wasn't very exciting. And I think arriving so do with film should be exciting. This is why I decided to become a director. Then I suddenly decided that I had to do a lot of films quickly, so that people would think of me as a director and not as a cameraman. I did a lot of films for Hammer which I loved, because I love making films. And I suddenly discovered to my horror—you'll pardon the word—that I was pigeon-holed as a horror director. And really, I suppose, I had a chip on my shoulder about it, because I don't want to stop making films. I'm not the sort of person who's going to starve in a garret until I get just the right sort of film for me, because I love making films too much . . ."

All of that has changed now. "I suddenly think," Freddie reveals, "I can either go along with this and be, for



want of another expression, a big fish in a little pond, or I can go dramatic and starve . . . which, as I've said, I don't want to do."

Horror films? "I suddenly realized, well, they are films. And I think the thing now is to give them respectability. I don't think they *haven't* a respectability, but I'm talking about the non-horror film audience, who think they're not respectable . . .

"And I think the thing is to persuade the non-horror audience that these are films. What is helping in television. I hate to say anything good about television," he says, smiling, "but you know, suddenly lots of friends of mine (and this is what's probably making me happy) who are still making non-horror films—they were rather . . . I guess the English expression is 'looking down their noses'" on horror films. And suddenly, after many years

these films were shown on television, and because probably some of these people at home have nothing better to do, they watched them on television—and they were amazed!"

"They'd ring me and say how amazed they were. They'd seen this film, and it's a proper film—and they're amazed. Now, these are the people who knock horror films. And they knock horror films never having seen them. So there's a snob thing about them."

Frances says he classifies horror films mainly as "breeze films." He calls them a game and say happily, "I enjoy playing the game with the audience. And I hope that in many cases, I beat them!"

Freddie likes to beat the horror movie audiences at their own game by building up suspense until it becomes practically unbearable. "In certain sorts of films, you





save your big horror moment for a certain time . . . I mean, in *The Ghoul*, they see the ghoul right in the end, so I just hope it's worth them staying the ninety minutes to see it.

"I think some audiences you can kid; I think you can keep them hanging around for the thing and then not really show it to them. And I think they enjoy this. A film I loved doing very much and which I still think is an excellent film is *Mammy, Nanny, Sonny and Girly*, where everybody knows that somebody's head is boiling in a pot. And we kept them hanging on and hanging on, and they all knew that his head is in this pot. We never actually show it to them, obviously. And I think this is part of the fun of it."

Regardless of the age of the audiences, Freddie thinks the terrors of the unknown provide the greatest thrills. "I've got two young kids," he says, "and they just *love* monsters. You know, the thought of trying to scare somebody with a monster—though my kids love them—it just doesn't thrill me at all. I'm sure that my kids can imagine more horrible monsters, because you know as well as I do that this is the whole thing—if you keep them imagining what the monster is like, this is great, because they can think of far worse things than you can show them on the screen."

This is one director who feels that laughter in a horror film can mean "absolute death"—of the movie, not of any character. "I certainly don't think laughs work at all," he admits. "There's always a sort of slack laughter to relieve tension, which is rather good. Funny, you can't always write that in, they just happen. But deliberate laughs, I don't think they work."

But behind the scenes, everyone just *has* to laugh sometimes, and the casts of Francis' films are no exception. "One has to be able to laugh at these films during the shooting," he explains. "Or before or after the shooting. But the actual shooting one has to be very

serious about . . . Peter Cushing is so wonderful! You know, I say the most terrible things to Peter about what we're going to do in two minutes time, but then when we're doing it, he's so serious about it."

"I told Peter he is the most wonderful actor in the world of selling rubbish. Because so often in these films—especially in the parts Peter plays—he has to make long, long speeches. Sometimes about something terribly scientific, or something good against evil and all that. And what he's actually saying is veritable rubbish, but he says it so convincingly that I'm sure the audience thinks, 'I don't understand what he's saying but it must be terribly, terribly true because he's so sincere about it.' This is the approach."

"I think if you don't get that honest approach during the performance, then I think you've set the film behind. When the actor's actually doing it—acting—he's got to really believe in it. So often they just burst into—you know, burst out laughing. Because I suppose it's a sort of relief at having sincerely done some rubbish. This all adds up to the fact that you can't do it tongue-in-cheek. You've got to cut off from reality when you're doing it and let that become the reality."

With *The Ghoul* released, Freddie is now at work, again at Pinewood Studios outside of London, on *The Legend of the Werewolf*. The producer of the film is also, again, Kevin Francis, Freddie's oldest son and the head of Tyburn Films. "If one can go by the present indication, it certainly looks as if Tyburn Films will steam past Hammer and Amicus," Freddie says hopefully. "I think both Hammer and Amicus, whom I have the utmost respect for, have made their mistakes. I hope Tyburn gets up there and doesn't make their mistakes and therefore steams further ahead."

Now that he's firmly committed himself to making horror films, Freddie Francis wants to enlarge the scope of the films to make them respectable and to give them more plot and story and characterization than many of the horror films of yore. *The Ghoul*, which features a flappers' party, a car chase using 1920's automobiles and terror on darkened moors, might be the first big step towards doing that.





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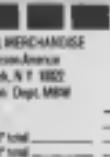
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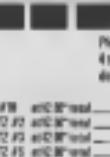
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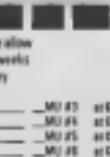
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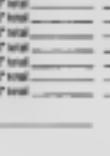
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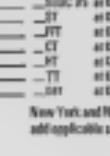
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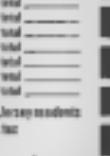
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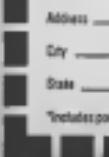
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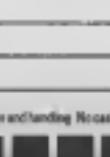
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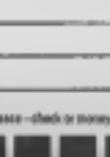
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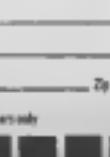
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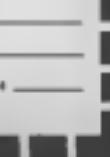
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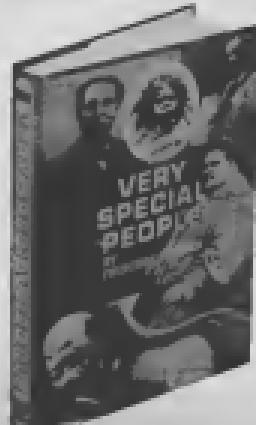
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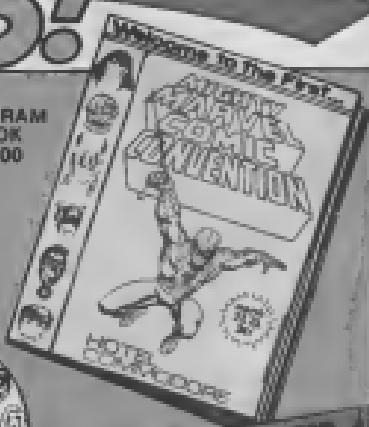
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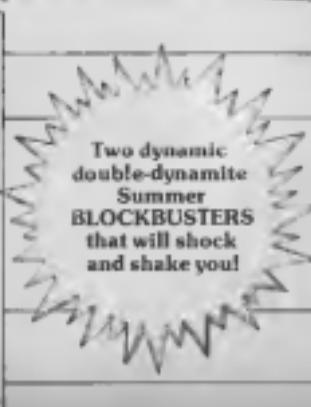
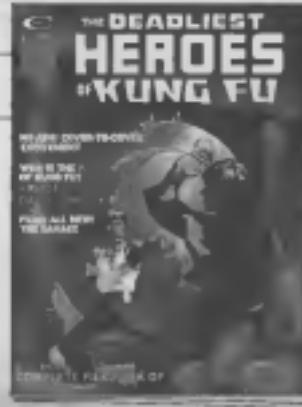
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YOUR BODY BECOMES A POWERFUL WEAPON OF DEFENSE

We'll teach you how to use your hands, feet, arms, legs, elbows and knees as powerful weapons against any attacker. You'll learn the KUNG-FU & KARATE techniques of the thrust punch, hammerfist, X & U punch, knife hand, spear hand, palm heel strike, snap kick, thrust kick, stamping kick, knee kick, elbow strike, backfist, X block, sweeping block, high and low blocks, and much, much more. You'll learn nerve centers and pressure points—where, when and how to hit effectively and avoid being hit yourself. You'll learn all the essential secrets of these two Oriental lighting arts—ancient secrets that have allowed smaller, weaker men to defeat larger, more powerful men with ease.

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Take this course and feel like a new person. Never be afraid to go anywhere again—ball game, beach, school yard, bar, dance, tough neighborhood, back alley or parking lot at night. Gain self-confidence and win the respect and admiration of those you love. Your cool, confident steel-like gaze will show others you are no person to fool around with. Feel a new power come over you—the power to master almost any self-defense situation.

MERE'S WHAT YOU GET:

Our long playing 12" 33 1/3 RPM instruction record which contains 35 complete, separate and distinct lessons. It was

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Complete nerve center and pressure point chart showing all vital areas of defense.

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Don't delay! Order this complete home study course today. You'll never forgive yourself if you don't!

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If after ten days of examining this home study course, you are not completely satisfied that this is the easiest, most effective way possible to learn self-defense, KUNG-FU and KARATE at home, you may return it for a full refund of your purchase price.

USE THIS RUSH COUPON TO ORDER.

Yes, this is for me. Rush me your complete audiovisual home study course in dynamic KUNG-FU & KARATE. I enclose \$4.95 plus 50¢ for postage and handling (totaling \$4.95) as payment in full. I understand that this course was designed to teach me how to use KUNG-FU & KARATE to defend myself. I promise never to use these techniques on an aggressor. Send cash, check or money order to:

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I'll guide you step by step into your own thriving business

• While keeping your present job, would you like to gross \$14 or \$21 profit per hour?

a true story by Bob Ferrel

many things we could not afford before. My wife was so much more positive. I learned to say "no" to my own likes. When we wanted a day or two off, we took it. I worked hard but if I wanted to be honest early or quit at noon, I did.

This is not a business for a lazy man. But if a man is in condition and will work to deserve those nice things in life we all want, this business is made to order for such a man.

I believe so enthusiastically about this business and so apprehensive of what it had brought my family that, whenever a man opened a dealership near me, I helped him get a quick start.

The company learned about this and had such new dealer in my section of Michigan spend a day with me. One day the president of Duraclean Company asked me how I would like to move to Headquarters and spend my entire time helping dealers to increase their sales and profits.

That was good news to my ears. Since then I have worked with hundreds of our dealers in their own houses and at regional meetings, conventions and dealer group meetings. But much of the time I am right here at my desk in touch with our dealers by letter and telephone.

Incidentally I sold my dealership at a good profit. Dealers are their Duraclean business for up to ten times their cost. After 20 months Lee Label sold for \$7,314 above his cost. If for any reason a dealer wants to sell, we maintain a service to locate buyers and help him sell.

Our job here at Headquarters is to show each individual Duraclean dealer how to use his own abilities to bring him greatest success. I know hundreds of our dealers on a first name basis. We work together for our happy family. If you become a Duraclean dealer, I'll be as close to you as your telephone or mail box.

It's Easier than You Think

To Build Your Own Business

If you've wanted to BE YOUR OWN BOSS... to become financially independent... to profit by fast growing income... now YOU CAN... and you can with a Nationally Advertised business.

You can start at your present job while your customer list grows... then switch to full time. Bring up jobs for your services to do. Use a job a day brings a good starting income.

Or you can start a Duraclean dealership while you keep your job. The national price guide provides you a gross profit of \$15 an hour on their work and this is much easier to do than you think. We show you how... step by step. That's \$450 for a 30-hour week.

Your gross profit on three services is \$15 per hour. Duraclean dealers find it is easy to gross \$17 per hour on EACH service plus \$12 on your or any service they themselves render. The \$12 per hour additional profit is not to you with no additional cost. How most of your gross profit becomes clear next paragraph. You can be involved only in the leader of services you can pick.

You can operate from a shop, office, or your home. Equipment is light and portable.

At the start, you may want to render services yourself... or you can start with full or part time assistance. This business is easy to learn... easy to start... so easy to service that women dealers do it. We prefer you have no expenses... yet have to "please" old ways.

We are NOW enlarging this worldwide system of individually-owned service businesses. If you are reliable, honest and willing to work to become financially independent, we invite you to read the coupon.

When you receive our illustrated booklet, you will see the way we show you step by step how to quickly get customers... and still more customers from their recommendations.

You have 10 superior services that are rendered "on location" in homes, offices, hotels, theaters, clubs, motels and restaurants.

These are not ordinary services. You have

the prestige and endorsement of leading furniture dealers and carpet dealers, of *Parents' Magazine* and *McCall's*, of *Results* and *Testing Laboratories*.

National magazine advertising, explosive newspaper inserts of pure service, builds your customer confidence and brings job leads to you.

We and a Duraclean dealer will train you and assist you. He'll stress his successful, proven methods. You have pre-tested newspaper and follow-page ads, commercials, and a full mailing program.

Stamps, upholstery, insurance adjustments, and decisions refer back to our dealers. These year-round services are in constant demand.

Start Small, Grow Big in this Booming Business

Many men have said to us, "I can't afford to give up my job. I know I have a sure thing... a sound business that will provide both security and a better living for my family."

That's fine. Show us as we worked out such a plan... and those same men are now enjoying a Duraclean dealership in many communities. You don't experiment. You use tested, proven methods. You have our backing and "know how."

Show this appeal to you? Don't decide now. Mail the coupon so we'll have the facts to discuss with you. We'll be happy to do that, even if you know whether this is what you want.

You can start small and grow big. A short century ago Duraclean was a sales. But it caught fire and spread to a world wide service. Why did it? Because (1) superior processes, (2) proven customer getting methods (3) Day to day guidance from us.

Our first service, the use of upholstery and carpets not only clean, it restores the fibers... removes dirt poison. This runs with new life. There's no harsh machine scrubbing. No rinsing. Mild soaped bath being applied lifts out dirt, grime, many smutty spots like magic. Furnishings are used again in a few hours.

Government figures show service businesses are growing faster than retail stores... \$100 million yearly potential just in rug and furniture cleaning. Your 6-8 hour services are planned for the free market... limited you.

Less than \$1000 establishes YOUR OWN BUSINESS. A dollar profit more than pays the monthly payments we finance for you.

Mail immediately to us in part.

We furnish electric equipment and, with first shipment, enough materials to return your **TOTAL** investment. If you have good habits and know the importance of customer satisfaction, you can likely qualify for a Duraclean dealership.

TODAY is the time to receive a Duraclean dealership. Before someone takes your business.

It's been said, "Opportunity knocks but once at every man's door." This could be that one time opportunity in your life.

It is surprisingly easy to learn this business. You can depend on the publications we will send you whether to apply for a dealership. See with an organization whatever, and the coupon **TODAY**. Get it out **NOW** as you won't forget to mail it.

Mail this coupon TODAY
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With no obligation, mail 20 free illustrated brochures and any booklet, and I can receive information on Duraclean and Duraclean franchises. I will not be disturbed.

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TRAFFIC & TRANSPORTATION

GENERAL TRAINING

INDUSTRIAL MECHANICS

GENERAL TRAINING

INTERIOR DECORATING

GENERAL TRAINING

LANGUAGE INSTRUCTION

GENERAL TRAINING

LIBRARY INSTRUCTION

GENERAL TRAINING

LIBRARY MANAGEMENT

GENERAL TRAINING

LIBRARY SERVICES

GENERAL TRAINING

LIBRARY TECHNIQUE

GENERAL TRAINING

LIBRARY TECHNIQUES

GENERAL TRAINING

LIBRARY TECHNIQUES

GENERAL TRAINING

EXECUTIVE DEVELOPMENT

GENERAL DEVELOPMENT

MANAGEMENT DEVELOPMENT

PERSONNEL DEVELOPMENT

TECHNICAL DEVELOPMENT

FOOD MANAGEMENT

GENERAL MANAGEMENT

FOOD MANAGEMENT

GENERAL MANAGEMENT

GENERAL MANAGEMENT

Dept. 79-031

Age

Mr. _____ Mrs. _____ Circle 616 and please print

Address _____ City _____ State _____ Zip _____

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